

# Divinity



Volume 2 Number 3 • £4.50 • Adults Only

The Quarterly Journal of Psycho-Erotic Excess



*Divine Press*

*P.O. Box 108 Stockport Cheshire SK1 4DD England*

# Sermon Number Seven: POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES

by David Flint

In the months since the last edition of DIVINITY, the whole "underground" scene has once again been spilling into the mainstream. With fetish clubs now officially the hip new trend amongst the Young People, and the ongoing media fascination with Transgressive Culture (sigh), things seem to be once again poised for a very public explosion.

Strange then, that I've been through something of a crisis of faith recently. While over the worst of it now, I still have nagging doubts about the validity of "the scene". When fetishism becomes a corporate image and lifestyle statement ("what are YOU then?" "I'm fetish, mate!"), it ceases to be a matter of individual expression and instead becomes just another fad for would-be hipsters to hook onto. Concept-sexuality just doesn't appeal to me, I'm afraid.

Of course, the alternative to the sub-cultural world is the mundane mainstream, or worse still, the pseudo-intellectual Right On morons who reel in horror at DIVINITY and the like. It's continually irritating to have to put up with cretins like - for example - Nottingham's Broadway Cinema, who feel it's perfectly fine to hold a festival of films about crime and murder, but find this magazine "objectionable". Unfortunately, the media world does seem to be crawling with ignorant fools who still equate sex with sexism. While such attitudes are thankfully on the decline as the Political Correctness brigade lose influence and credibility, it remains an irritation. But we can live with it, and treat them with the contempt they deserve...

And there are compensations in life. Take Stephen Milligan, for instance. As we go to press, this Tory MP has been found dead, dressed in stockings and suspenders, hands and feet bound and with a plastic bag tied over his head! Yowza! While the police go through the motions of investigating the "possibility of murder", everyone really knows that Mr Milligan had been indulging in the sort of sexual activity that he would have no doubt condemned in Parliament. It's hard not to chortle: as poor old John Major reels from the succession of sex scandals to hit his party in the last few months, and awaits with dread the "outing" of gay MPs, this was the last thing he needed. But it did result in a flurry of newspaper articles explaining to confused readers just what Milligan had been hoping to achieve from this odd ritual, and further discussing why people go for kinky sex, transvestism and fetishism. So, with the normally hidden world of sub-cultural sex once again in the headlines, I seem to be back where I started. Vive la Revolution, I guess...

a DIVINE PRESS publication. Volume Two  
Number Three (issue seven). Winter 1994.  
Published four times a year. DP11.

EDITOR: David Flint  
LAYOUT & ART DIRECTION:  
Nick Cairns at On Line Publishing  
PUBLICITY & ASSOCIATE EDITOR:  
Sal Volatile

#### CONTRIBUTORS

Paul Buck, Stephen Cremin, Mark Day,  
Michael Goss, Tim Greaves, Ian Kerkhof,  
Richard Kern, Cherry Maraschino, Lewis Rode,  
Jack Stevenson, Master Williams, Paul  
Anthony Woods, Sal Volatile.

#### THANKS TO

Connoisseur Video, Redemption Films, Electric  
Pictures, Visionary Communications, Arthouse  
Productions, High Flyers, Essa Distribution,  
The Adult Channel (Ruth), The Associates,  
Alison Hargreaves Associates, Arthur Sheriff,  
Wayward (Karen), Devotion, Music For  
Nations, Mute Records, Machinery, Nuclear  
Blast, Clawfoot Records, Creation Press,  
Nemesis Books, Delectus Books, Masquerade  
Books, Skin Two (Michelle), Atlas Press,  
Procustes Press, Colporteur Press, The Cabinet  
Gallery, Savoy, Turaround Distribution, ICA  
Press Office (Melissa), NFT Press Office,  
Jennifer Lynch, Gen, Joe Coleman, Brian  
Yuzna, Velda Lauder, Robert Kerber, Tuppy  
Owens, Maureen and Mahon, Torture Garden,  
N.A.F.F., Marquis' Masquerade, Ian Kerkhof,  
Stefan Kwiatkowski, Richard Baylor, Damon  
Barr, Paul Anthony Woods, Stephen Cremin,  
Michael Goss, Marc Morris, Paul Everett, Sarah  
Barratt, John Garner, John Martin.

#### COVER

Front:

Melinda Miel (photo: Paul Buck)

Inside Front:

Al Jourgenson and Paul Barker

Back:

RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD III

All stills © copyright owners. Other contents ©  
DIVINE PRESS 1994 and individual  
contributors. This magazine should not be sold  
or shown to minors. Opinions and ideas  
expressed in DIVINITY are those of the  
individual contributors and do not necessarily  
correlate with those of the editor.  
Correspondence is actively encouraged but will  
only be replied to if accompanied by SAE/IRC.  
Advertising rates available on request.

# Correspondence

Another disturbing look into the minds of *DIVINITY* readers

I liked the first four issues of *DIVINITY* enough to make me subscribe (just before your rather steep price hike), so here's some criticisms of the last two issues, which I received together last weekend.

First thing – there seems to be an increasing amount of sexual material. Unambiguous fetish photospreads are something new. And the advertisers you're attracting seem pretty sexy too. Now, I enjoy a good perve as much as the next pervy person, don't get me wrong, but I'm afraid of seeing *DIVINITY* turn into just another fetish magazine, whereas it started out as something different and distinctive, touching base on *all* the pleasure zones of my morbid and diseased brain. Admittedly, I initially preferred your publication to *HEADDRESS* partly at least because of the greater sexual explicitness, and I know that a balance of material in any individual issue is difficult to achieve, but please remain aware of any direction you're taking. Then again, maybe I'm just a prudish fuddy-duddy.

Deborah Ryder opines, "Mortgage payments are often lower than rent." Oh, *riiight*! So the reason I can't get a mortgage is because I'm too wealthy, is it? Well, twiddle my nipple rings and buckle my shoe! She continues, "Only the lower orders rent." Whata fuckwit. Yes, Deborah, the labels "fascist" and "Thatcherite" do spring to mind, and if being a so-called winner means talking out of my (well-spanked) arse like you, then please God let me be a loser.

One of the things I hate most about the SM scene is the rightwing attitude that many people feel obliged to don along with the bondage gear. I personally feel that my SM predilections give me a critical insight into the absurdity of more orthodox power relations, and I know the difference between libertarianism and selfish individualism. Like it or not, the personal is political. More and more so these days, it seems. Was the Marquis de Sade a great radical? Damn straight he was! To quote the old Surrealist/Situationist slogan,

"Take your desires for reality." But don't play at Nazis – it's just dumb.

Speaking of dumb – Jeff Koons, the "world's most important artist"? Do me a favour! So his work's "taboo-breaking"? Big fucking deal. Large colour photos of Koons porking his dull, ugly wife, the incomprehensibly overrated Cicciolina, fail to thrill me on any level, least of all the artistic one. Koons makes Warhol look profound. Koons' work is, I'll admit, an accurate expression of his personality – this is why it is worthless shit. The only reason for noticing this preening, narcissistic, talentless, toadying, derivative and above all *vulgar* shyster at all is that his success shows just what a bloated purulent corpse the international art scene has become. If you want to run a piece on a real transgressive artist, how about Anselm Kiefer, Robert Mapplethorpe, Chris Burden? I krap on Koons and his execrable "works". Like Public Enemy say – "Don't Believe The Hype".

OK, some things I enjoyed in your last two issues. The *beaucoup wunderbar* Housk Randall photo of the delectable Deborah (not Ryder, I trust!). Deborah, if you're reading this, consider yourself possessed of my undying devotion. The Adam Parfrey interview was excellent, as was his own diatribe against Andrea Dworkin, the feminist balloon in most dire need of popping (like Mr Creosote). The reviews were informative as always. The Lydia Lunch interview was cool. How about doing Nick Cave sometime soon?

Stuff I'd like to see more of – more tattooing/body art coverage, more on occultism, crazed sects, conspiracies, more polemics, more Japanese *Manga* and bondage stuff. Some "True Crime" coverage of choice atrocities might be nice too. Drugs (Never touch 'em myself, purely academic interest y'understand.). Anything unexpected.

As Bill Blake (another great sexual revolutionary) wrote, "Enough! or too much."

Sierra Charlie  
Leicester

The new look *DIVINITY* is excellent. Your standards have always been high, but this was an embarrassment of riches! I particularly enjoyed Parfrey's savaging of Dworkin, and the photo-features on Housk Randall (how much is *REVELATIONS* and where is it available?) and Doris Kloster.

I have one small criticism concerning the "Devil Thing" photoshoot. Softcore glamour seems a bit below the level of the rest of the magazine. Could there possibly be features that concentrate on the more bizarre forms of SM costume (eg total body enclosure, masks, sundry tubing and suspension, inflatable "helmet") and contraptions (scaffolds, cages, block and tackle), rather than on a person as object of desire?

S. Green  
Birmingham

Are the photo shoots which are a new feature for your mag paid adverts? If not, I think you may as well drop them frankly. There are several other magazines which specialise in this material, but few others which are generally so readable. If you want to feature softcore fetish scenarios that would probably be all right, but except for the Patti-as-androgyon on p.39 none of this was of any interest to me; and even that just succeeded in being pleasantly arty.

I've picked up Lydia Lunch's books and the two Richard Kern films which are out on video (I idolise her so I'm allowed to be critical); there's no point in complaining that the films are unentertaining as I'm sure they're not supposed to be entertaining, but I think there are better ways of addressing problems than just creating even more negative images of women. The books I find simply badly edited; she has gone through no work to rewrite her spoken word rants and stories into a form which would be more accessible in print, and what is most effective in one format is tedious in another. It's the same irritating mentality

that I see in Karen Finley, whose enormous talent as a writer will probably never be fully realised so long as she thinks that craft must be sacrificed to intensity; even Diamanda Galas would insist that intensity can only be fully expressed through the exercise of craft. I will still purchase books by her in the future no doubt, though more as "souvenirs" from the career of the spoken word artist and occasional music maker whose work has affected me so.

I pretty much enjoyed Adam Parfrey's article on Andrea Dworkin though am irritated that you are still propagating the myth that SCUM stood for "Society for Cutting-Up Men". I never thought of comparing Dworkin to Solanas, curiously enough, because I always thought the latter had penned a parody of misogynistic writing – at least, I always found the Manifesto strictly hilarious, whereas the single piece of Dworkin I once tried to get through was notably lacking in humour. Until reading this article however I didn't know there was any sort of heterosexual intercourse of which Dworkin approved, and the secret of her relationship with John Stoltenberg is now revealed. How Parfrey avoided "latent necrophiliac" jokes is beyond me.

My view of the Rimmer X-RATED GUIDES is pretty much the same as Cathy Pacific's – the author's tastes are bland but the books are still entertaining reading and, as the reviewer observes, actually useful consumer guides once one learns how to read Rimmer's prejudices. But his positive review of the Sylvester Stallone flick ITALIAN STALLION is revealing; the film is pathetic, you don't see Stallone hard once, and the choreography is awful except for being laughably unerotic.

N. Michaels  
London

Obviously, the increase in photographic material in the last issue has caused a minor stir amongst readers. Having felt previous issues to be perhaps a little too wordy, I welcomed the opportunity that the extra pages gave me to redress the balance. I still feel that I was right to do so, but further discussion on the subject is welcome.

Hello? Hello? It's come to my attention that people are arguing about my work, as if I were some obscure figure of Classical Antiquity whose books have all

been lost, surviving only as a few mangled half-lines cited (incorrectly) by some ill-intentioned Church Father, or something. There's no need for this "debate", as my book is still in print.

(T.A.Z.: THE TEMPORARY AUTONOMOUS ZONE, POETIC TERRORISM, ONTOLOGICAL ANARCHY, US\$7 plus postage from Autonopedia, box 568, Brooklyn, NY 11211 USA. Distributed in the UK by AK Press of Edinburgh, who

are also about to release a small collection of essays by me under the title IMMEDIATISM.). T.A.Z. contains the text of CHAOS: THE BROADSHEETS OF ONTOLOGICAL ANARCHISM – but I did not edit CHAOS. That was Joel Birocco.

As for Mr Condon, I don't remember ever "telling" him that he shouldn't indulge in S/M. Perhaps it happened in the sometimes overheated LetterCol of CHAOS. But I doubt it, because I very seldom proffer unsolicited advice, especially to perfect strangers. Mr Condon appears to be twitting other correspondents for not reading my work; apparently he has not done so himself (or perhaps his "memory recall" is faulty) – I make no "authoritarian" pronouncements about sex based on my "personal taste". What I denounced in T.A.Z. (in a piece printed by A. Parfrey and B. Black in the first ed. of RANTS) was NON-consensual S/M, and the kind of PoMo morbidity and conceptual "transgressiveness" that amounts simply to fascism-without-power.

And, as I agree with Mr Condon that "the only authority is yourself, I will strenuously resist his "knocking" my head together with anyone else's, on the grounds that he does not have my consent.

wa salaam  
Hakin Bey

Thank you. This subject is now officially closed.

## Bishop flogged in Sudan after adultery conviction

By Jonathan Peters

AN ANGLICAN bishop has been publicly flogged in Sudan after being convicted of adultery by an Islamic court.

The Rt Rev Peter El-Bial, who had denied the charge, received 80 lashes to the back of his legs and upper back.

The punishment, in accordance with Sharia law, was strongly condemned by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr George Carey, last night.

Although the official inflicting the lashes gave a copy of the Koran under his arm to limit the force, friends of the bishop said he had suffered a humiliating and "terrible physical ordeal". Dr

Carey, who is planning to visit the Sudan in January, said that, if the bishop was innocent, the punishment "was particularly brutal and brutalising".

He said he was seeking more information about the incident which took place on July 15, although news had only just reached him.

The bishop, a Sudanese Christian, married with children, was arrested as he reported to his diocese a bishop in Khartoum, a minor court dismissed the charges.

But he was re-arrested hours later after the mother of the woman allegedly involved produced new witnesses. A senior court was convened and he was flogged in a courtyard.

Canon Timothy Biles, Rector of Beaumont, Dorset, who was on a private visit to Sudan when the flogging took place, said he had been "deeply shocked".

He added, "These Mus-

lims believe in a positive God. I am only glad that I do not."

He said he had been advised in Sudan not to mention the incident, but had spoken on the behalf of Sudanese Christians who were suffering under Sharia law. "I may never be allowed back into Sudan, but I felt I had to say something," he added.

Ms Diana Wills, regional secretary of the Church Missionary Society, saw the bishop the day after the flogging and said he was able to walk and sit, although he had suffered deep humiliation.

She said an account of the incident had been contained in a report for the Christian Solidarity International charity, widely discussed in the Church of England bishops.

There are believed to be about five million Christians in Sudan, and many suffer under Sharia law. Church officials and they had little doubt that other senior Anglican churchmen had been flogged in the past.

I am enclosing a cutting from the DAILY TELEGRAPH of the 8th September. This indicated the flogging of a bishop.

There are no details and I would be very interested to know more about it, there is no doubt that it was a severe thrashing, but the culprit did not need to have hospital treatment afterwards, and he was fit to sit and walk next day, therefore no real injury.

I think that many of us would like to have details, such as how was he dressed for the flogging, did he have pants and shirt on? Was he standing or laying down?

It would also be interesting to know the conditions for flogging in other countries like Pakistan, Arabia and Turkey, with descriptions of the faults for which one can be flogged.

A photo or two would be interesting or better still a video of an actual flogging in public or in private.

This being an item suitable for the DAILY TELEGRAPH, and the true record of a news event I would think that a video or photos would be quite OK and legal imports, am I right?

As you are in touch and a publisher, I would like to hear from you on this subject, you may already have information or know of videos available.

Douglas Finlayson  
Essex

# PIERRE MOLINIER

## Sexual Shape Shifter

*Sal Volatile looks at the forbidden work of  
France's most transgressive artist*

Molinier's life comes straight out of the ERASERHEAD school of bizarrely overcast lone existence. Holed up for forty six years of his hermetically sealed aesthetic life in a rotting, minute two-room boarding house in a squalid area of Bordeaux, Molinier became a surrealist cause celebre by virtue of his intense photographic reformations of his own transsexual body-image.

Brixton's excellent new Cabinet Gallery – London's most apocalyptic artspace managed to secure the rights to a whole catalogue of the artist's prints and launched an overview in the winter of 1993. A powerful exhibition of an anomalous case-history.

Born in 1900 in Agen, France, Molinier grew into a celebrated minor surrealist figurehead visited by several artistic notables. Yet the extent of his photographic work remained somewhat obscure until his death in the Seventies. Only a handful of books and catalogues of the period featured excerpts from his work. The Cabinet Gallery's display of some of these artefacts gives an amazing feel for the stylish decadence of the era.

He started this photo-autobiography series in 1950 (previous to this he worked



Pierre Molinier

as a painter) and mined the oeuvre until his death. Surviving fragments from his personal collection also included the sinister huge black cross on which he had

inscribed 'Pierre Molinier 1900-19-': the date left open to be filled in on the occasion of his own suicide. Molinier eventually fell ill to cancer of the rectum. Since his most vital sensory organ had begun to atrophy on him, he decided to end it all. Lying back on his bed he shot himself on March 3 1976.

With his photo and development equipment set up in one room, Molinier kept all his arcane mementoes tightly packed in around him – guns, dolls, knives, mannequins, whips, stilettos, lingerie and a selection of draws containing 83 various types of condoms! Many other objects were also integrated into his works.

His sister died a teenager in 1915, and Molinier specifically remembers keeping vigil with her body before the funeral and fucking up against the thighs of her corpse. This most secret and forbidden conjugation of incest and necrophilia fired his auto-erotic imagination for the rest of his life.

Molinier's lifelong ambition was to remain in his rooms sleeping, playing and

painting. For the most part this involved the making of hundreds of intricate postcard sized black and white prints of himself in a baffling variety of poses. Decorated either



as a partially clad woman, or minutely treating the prints so that his poses become as warped and various as the many limbed totems of Eastern sculpture. The final results are perverse celebrations of a very personal derangement.

Molinier worked at transforming his own image repeatedly into an unending series of semi-pornographic poses showing off his legs, anus and sex organs – reinventing

his image as a whorish sexual provocateur over and over.

His printing techniques aspire to a monochrome drama of ambisexuality – an utterly blended and blissed-out state of perpetual self-pleasure and ongoing masturbatory auto-stimulation. He even went so far as to invent the world's only self-assembly machine enabling the user to fellate themselves through a contraption of yokes.

Another notable invention is the dildo he built into the back of one of his high-heels, angled finely to enable him to squat down and sodomize himself at will. No approach to self-exploitation is left unexplored.

In this way, Molinier becomes a sort of rapacious black-hole of his own sexuality. Feeding and engorging on his own apartness; adding new faces, new body parts, new sex organs, new masks, new angles, new clothes in a constant act of sexual shape-shifting.

The collaging techniques maintain an air of quasi-surgical re-ordering: a painstakingly graceful sex change/sea change in celluloid; a totally audacious re-assignment of the precious negatives of memory and gender.

In most of the pictures Molinier's ever-sanguine smile beams out of all his faces with a serenity almost at odds with the flurry of costume and identity changes – the

ever fluctuating permutations of stockings and corsets, veils and wigs. The irresistible impression is of an inward life of soiled gaiety lived as a photo-parable of fetishized jouissance.

Along this relentlessly memorable continuum of epiphanic self-control, Molinier presented himself as a shape for things to come.



Divinity Seden

# Beneath the Laughter of Broken Delights

*The plight of Melinda Miel, torch singer*

*Text & Photographs by Paul Buck • From ideas by Paul Buck & Melinda Meil*



## Chapter 1 DELIGHT STEPS OFF THE TRELLIS

**R**everberating in the sun, the other foot on the trellis. Like a sinking slip of a thing, sweating and fearful, a body crawling with vermin, desiring a time when she would be bold enough to assert herself.

Handling the blade, feeling the curve into the duende.

The arousal of the malaise, the nicking that bowls into gin, drinking nothing but that and winding up and winding into the romance of sensuality for its own sake, watching calamity belly up.

Terror as it was screaming.

Humour as it was dependant on what fell on the carpet, the quick glance at the door,

the recognition of despair among what had never been discovered. The evidence pointing at the sky, looking.

"How are you?" he said, looking.

Scarred from yelling, from other frenzied attacks driven in and eyed. Then time becomes less directly involved, his presence ferments in her womanhood as she leans, curving over the body, his body, only holding onto his right middle finger.



*Divinity Seven*





Then, in a shaken state, legs folded, her elegant boots bumping against the table, she asked if there was any cord. She smiled, delighted with the sight of the cats still copulating in the willow basket, the stimulation against the nearest wall, and leaning against them, joked for him to come back.

She turned. She was followed by chrysanthemums that bloomed then charred, that wrinkled against the side of her face. What was passion worth? She still had the rings, and she had just enough interest in life for it not to grab her wrist, seize the trinkets.

"I'll knock him over, I'll knock him down, and you can act like a rundown theatre, well rundown, flattened against him."

She gave him her left shoulder to rest on, stayed afloat with her gin and said there was no problem. She could sell the diamonds to one of the hungry flirts who now chose to develop into real paranoias.

"I've got to get out of here, move into a photo where I can hide."

She went left of the couch, grabbed another bottle from the table and ignored the two men. Expect death. Or a mantelpiece.

## Chapter 2 KISSING THE TERROR

Here for the moment, shaking her fists at him. "You were talking about him, about his escapades."

His smile was seen to be cut from his face. A couple of yards of aggression went where his chauffeur could never drive him.

Back in the room, consuming what she had received, greedy or not. Her smile was small and sparkling, suddenly unmistakable as to enlighten golden illusions.

"Keep the mood to yourself." She had moved across to the perfume and guided it, guided herself. "Where's the gate?" she asked.

She stopped at the third bar. This time she ordered a triple gin, a splash of tonic, and distanced herself from those who would compromise her. Spoonfuls of tears dropped from the chandeliers as she returned.

"What did she say exactly?" The encumbrance forced her to stand. Who could spare knowing, who knows, who knew what she had done. When she answered herself, she tried one of those

sentences that could imprison her desire in what had been seized. She helped herself to undress and motioned to the cord that lay as a threat.

"What is the damage to be?" you asked, and you had done this once before. When it rained you seized hold of my arm, pulled me into the room beside the statue.

Between the sheets and just you found two more tears to run across the moment when she turned towards you, seized you, smiled gently and, in the air, agitated her lips with passion, losing her stability and leveraging an intensity that had her saying she could not do without you. She would be there to prime the dreams, ready enough to send all to their graves, kissing.

## Chapter 3 SECRECTIONS IN THE STATIC

Satiated, with such a wretched idea of me. I slipped through such an incomparably splendid doorway, where our eyes met. Her glance turned mine to stone, another matter to deny at a later date. Such anger, such abhorrence of natural passions.

She came back to me, shouted what she perceived as decisive, questioned the missing. All was for the worst. Unless she loosens she will not say what she thinks.

She came to the foot of the stairs, climbed slowly. I turned, stunned for the second time. Thrust, submitted through her fingers. "Relax."

He tried passion, the quest to separate and force necessity.

Curtailed in the bar, she rose again, groaned louder than before, than the more astounding, more glorious moment when I could open another bottle. She planted her hands on her hips, considered what she could experience. She wanted to obscure the fatality of confusion.

Into the relapse where she could not possibly keep hold of what was to fade, fade from awareness, before the intention turned with the languishing that gave her a strange start.

Ways of being that we ask somewhat confusedly as the shoulder of coldness. It seemed so easy to modify the discord. Come on, languish further, gently. Another break and the gin is consumed. And the redness of red dust covers the locked music box.

\*\*\*

## Chapter 4 DESIRING THE DART

At the precise moment when she was needed, the photo turned into a different sensation. If I had ever hoped there could be anything in her look, it was that the perfect silence would be granted.

She laughed, striking at the sanguine requirement, a contempt for the rustiness of the hoist, like thirst flourishing, another object of knowing that stepped across the hallway to bend her over and, that managed, offer death, where death was her hand over her heart.

I did not feel well, I was horrified that she could not be separated from her images. Something like that, or was she thinking not so much of the image she was creating, but the fiction that sent her packing, that the only object was to be spread across the bed. Willing what I could now use. This termination of what she loved. And nobody could be absorbed, could be sure in actual reality of the slap of the hand across her face, the heels twisted into his chest, his sudden silence, away, terrified in agile inflammation, back with the soaking as she rubbed and was still, willing without lust. Thrust at. Laughing.

## Chapter 5 STILL IN PAIN

Attend to the emotions convulsing through nausea. The taste of the lips repulsed, struck down the rustiness that shined on her body. Undulating and desperate, she was fixed by a determination to find herself.

One morning she caught herself trying to suppress and reproach her whims, also to bend and punish with the switch. That was meted out, not spared her lasting joy. She had been at an end, never terrified enough to fall into perfection.

"You mean you are going to deliver me to the enigma?" She spoke with a savouring tone, the guttural drawing that she had accentuated earlier was now even rougher. I discovered that such was her grip on the handle of the ritualized whip that seemed to enthrall her like a box, a room in a castle, returned.

To be honest and truthful, I prefer my own little curls to whisper through the porials, to broach the fullest sentiments that roam by moonlight and lessen.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"When?" she said.

Something about her, in her subdued mood, brought me to tears. Another word arrived, it struck like the flick of the whip, snapped my hand clean away.

She was able to see everything without experiencing it. "Where do you find grief?"

"Where I fulfill my wishes." A speedy death was churned through.

"Which way?"

## Chapter 6

### DELUDE THE MATTER

He found her drunk in the brambles, scrabbling, he was always faithful. His art was his consequence. Parted by the effects of almost despairing at her hands. An impoverished feeling, letting himself in for being a witness, the mirage of the performance, dominated, oh so lightly, assured as generous by friends whom she had possessed.

To dare to slide and the harm that fell there, poised on the stage where she asked for fury.

Overwhelmed and acting the devil, the blade of darkness hanging over her, and asking in a derisive manner for knowledge, power and riches, all that humanity had to offer.

## Chapter 7

### LOVE'S GRIME

Horsewhipped and heaving, was she able to see how battered and lame her reflection had become? Because he wanted to approach her, move closer towards fate, he was certain of nothing, only significance would be his grappling graciousness.

Joined at the hips to investigate the use of what was no use. Captured and commanded to receive these hollows, as lost, out, captured and grinding her teeth, devouring against her chest, even affirmed that.

That night she came through the mist and sucked her lips on his blood-stained collar.

## Chapter 8

### JUST THE LAKE

Stretched out on the slinking away, and beginning to lick the blood from his glass. "I've simply got to get up those stairs."

Once she was so graceful, and yet so cruel, hair reddened by what he had redeemed.

She sat down in front of his body. Alone at the bannister, without any help from what she had worshipped. She flung herself on her knees, groaned the cries of intoxications, and caresses. She simply wanted the honest memory, an odious feeling hanging from a hammer. She had become overpowered as the poor girl who gazed in astonishment at all her situations. A thirst like this was followed by her eyes as long as she knew that he was secured by hooks, as she was within herself. She who was before him.

She went across the hours when madness seized her, juggled her there. She set about tormenting the intrigues, cajoling herself and kissing him. She remained silent, incapable of any act of the macabre and yet not.

No, she was before him, she was pushing him outside her.

## Chapter 9

### FEELING THE KNEES

"I could be faithful to you, obedient and all that is the art of heaving." We returned to the couch, left behind the clamour that chance had chanted. She was prone, though only through the words of the monomania that we assigned to her.

She tried hope, so much better than a shimmering sky, a sanguine sun, troubled and bound to her chair, crouched beneath this vaulted roof. Her knees remained on the costumes, waiting to be restored, festering with what was handed down, feathers to excite her still further, flirting with her mask.

She seemed to cast aside all vestige of her prudence. "Are you angry with me?"

Above all she showed him what to want, introduced him to his longing. She told him that white fever desired her madly, was all she wanted.

## Chapter 10

### MADNESS IN GIN

Having advanced, she chose a language that brought her down within reach of the priceless. She will reconstitute the occasion, assign herself to the names on the door as night falls. The gin is less vile than that which is sucked by her, burned in the tangle.

To recover dreams, to find the succubus in her words, foaming in gentle massage, rich silks.

A woman who wanted nothing else, the door since shut.

Anything can be maintained and nothing to say.

"You, poor fellow," she exclaimed, "let the old drunken leave, not leave."

She is no longer scorned by the doings of lovers, yearning over the days he helped her to undress and then left with a strange gurgle, furious.



Melinda Miel's new album, *A KISS ON A TEAR*, has just been released by Normal Records. It is available in Britain, through Direct Distribution, and can be obtained/ordered at good record shops. Or by writing to Dreams & Whispers, PO Box 114, Sidcup, Kent DA14 4LS.



# Neko-Mimi

A new Japanese masterpiece appraised by **Barry Fuller**

**N**EKO-MIMI translates roughly as "blocked ear" or "ear wax".

It's an odd title and moreover one that isn't explained within the diegesis of the film itself. You take it or leave it. The film works in much the same way. Twenty eight year old director Jun Kurosawa ("no relation to Akira" was his standard one-liner during the recent Rotterdam Film Festival where this 16mm film was given its only screenings to date) has rigorously followed the dictates of his muse and produced a feature length film almost baffling in its trenchancy.

With an extraordinary disdain for the notion of film as a medium of mass communication, Kurosawa has constructed a work so entirely hermetic, so perfectly uncommunicative, that the critical vocabulary becomes sorely stretched.

In **NEKO-MIMI** four rather beautiful people in their early twenties (two men and two women) sit around in an apartment and play repetitive games. Two thirds of the way through the film they are joined by a fifth person (a third woman) whom they proceed to tie up and then they all walk into a lake.

If the narrative events were what made films worthwhile then Kurosawa's film would be pretty small beer. But **NEKO-MIMI** tells us something without overtly "telling" it in the way we are accustomed to films doing so, Kurosawa's vision of contemporary urban living is resolutely bleak. I have rarely seen such loveless



interplay between "characters" (Bergman's **FROM THE LIVES OF THE MARIONETTES** springs to mind).

The concept of community is entirely absent and people exist together in spatial arrangements which resemble nothing more than clusters of cells. Interaction between these individuals can only occur when their stasis is threatened by the presence of an outsider. They respond in unison although the violence and cruelty of their response is devoid of vigour. When, in the final sequence of the film, they finally

drown themselves, it is done so slowly, so abstractly, so utterly without self pity one almost has to hold one's breath.

This starkly pessimistic film did not depress me in the least. Indeed the acuity with which this young film maker has matched conceptual goals to formal means was cause for an immediate second viewing. A sequence, almost intolerably long, of a girl with a red chair on her head, is accompanied by music (composed by Kurosawa himself) of intense psychedelic charm. Can... **UMMAGUMMA** period Pink Floyd... influences are there but now you don't need the mushrooms to see the visions. When this gorgeous music is refrained slightly later on in the film its as if we're hearing a memory from deep in the subconscious. One is touched without quite knowing why.

**NEKO-MIMI** isn't just a musical trip (there is no spoken dialogue); it's a

film that literally shimmers. Kurosawa's 16mm images have an iridescent quality that imply a fiercely trained aesthetic principle. It simply is not easy to attain images of this quality. From shot to shot, the film is a playground, an adventure for aspirant cameramen and photographers. Kurosawa's maturity lies in the fact that the visual excellence is not merely an effect, but actively contributes a cloying fin de siècle elegance to this "story" of corruption and decay.

The short sequence wherein the intruder

is tied up upside down and suspended from the ceiling is accompanied by a manic industrial noise soundtrack in similar vein to work by Merzbow. Although this bondage sequence is only a couple of minutes it has remained fiercely etched into my memory. Shot in high contrast black and white, the bound woman dangles from the ceiling in the midst of a set of stainless steel cutlery! She arches her back and brushes at the knives and forks with her bared nipples. Outrageously suggestive, the scene works to stimulate one's own most closely guarded fantasies of power, control and torture, of masochism and penetration, without resorting to any banal representation of any particular act. It is an image so original and so clearly in tune with its subject matter that you are amazed that no one thought of it before.

The visual intensity of this sequence brings Elias E. Merhige's *BEGOTTEN* to mind, although it is unlikely that Kurosawa would be acquainted with this work. That they are both the same age is probably less of a coincidence than might be imagined. This is the vanguard of contemporary filmmaking, and with Sharunas Bartas and Evgeni Yufit added to the list one might even have some faith in what the cinema

will have to offer in the nineties.

Kurosawa himself claims misanthropy and an active need to destroy narrative, cinema, sex, and humanity. His film betrays him however, for in art of this magnitude our humanity is reaffirmed. Life really is worthwhile.

It is singularly absurd that distributors will not release a film as important as *NEKO-MIMI* in Europe because it is made on the 16mm gauge. The conservative, play-it-safe mentality of distributors has allowed both the public and the media to be duped into the common misconception that the "experimental" cinema is old-hat; something that doesn't happen any more. Perhaps the time is ripe for a resurgence of the real "alternative" circuit.

# NEKO-MIMI

猫  
耳  
子  
猫

a film of Jun

Kurosawa



ADVERTISEMENT

**BEAUTIFUL TRANSEXUAL DOMINA** severe and perverse, dressed completely in leather, a woman with superb breasts and a penis, will, in her videos, reveal her secret encounters with her male and female subjects, set in the torrid atmosphere of her chilling rooms.

• Free Documentation •

Write to:  
**ROXANNE FILMS PRODUCTIONS**  
**B.P. 83 - 1000 BRUXELLES 23**  
**- BELGIUM**



# ASTRIDE THE PLAYER

strange records reviewed by **Lewis Rode**

Jarboe is known for her work with Swans and Skin. Just released is her album with Larry Seven under the name **BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE LTD.**, the album entitled the same (on Sub Rosa SB61). As the title suggests, along with the use of the word "Psychedelia" in one title, and the emphasis of a sitar on another track, there is a reference to the Sixties here. The gentleness and "love" attitude of the Sixties. To brand this music though as a product of that era would be to limit it. This music is also part of the New York minimal scene, and is the better for it. The approach here seems to brush up against childhood too, with many of the vocal lines sounding like nursery rhyme songs, aided by the sweetness of Jarboe's lullaby voice. A further reference is to Joseph Cornell, the American artist famed for his collage boxes filled with objects, at once ambiguous and nostalgic, often surreal in their juxtapositions of images. And specifically to Cornell's Bebe Marie, a detail of which is displayed on the sleeve. To cut against this apparent pleasantness of music and intent, the sleeve also notes: "This album may or may not be suitable for young impressionable children." This, one assumes, refers to the opening track, **WARM LIQUID EVENT** with its sexual content, "let it come come inside come in come inside...", rather than for any other reason. Also interjected into this calming music, as if a Cornell work in itself, is Jarboe's ventures into operatic overtones, almost reminiscent of Ute Lemper, particularly on the only track not written by the couple, **I FEEL PRETTY**, which I believe comes from the musical **THE KING AND I**.

I first came across the Australian Extreme label in Germany a couple of years ago. Two titles grabbed me at the time and have often found their way into my player. The first **G'ARAGE D'OR** (with its play on Bunuel's **L'AGE D'OR**) by the wonderfully named *The Makers of The Dead Travel Fast*. The second from *Paul Schutze* called **THE ANNIHILATING**

**ANGEL** (with its play on Bunuel's **EXTERMINATING ANGEL** in the title, and its playful string of track references, like **THE TORTURE GARDEN** (Mirbeau), **THE PRESSURE OF THE TEXT** (Barthes) **THE PLEASURE OF THE TEXT**, **THE TEARS OF EROS** (Bataille), **CITIES OF THE RED NIGHT** (Burroughs), etc). Both albums were extremely approachable with their feel for "art music" and film soundtrack music, all without sounding pretentious in any way.

A recent crop of releases has seen the label develop more of an affinity with avant-garde music, particularly in America, where the label has another address, and into ethnic musics. **ECHOING DELIGHT** (XCD-022) by the Belgian *Vidna Obmana* is the type of record I play late at night as a soothing background, though the soundscape, which comprises electronic and ethnic instruments and sources can only really be appreciated if played loud, for many of the sounds are very subtle.

By contrast *Jim O'Rourke's REMOVE THE NEED* (XCD-018) forces the listener to pay attention, particularly on one track **CHICAGO ONE** with its high pitched sound, or **CHICAGO TWO** with its ringing tones. With use of prepared guitar, references to Derek Bailey and Henry Kaiser are in order. O'Rourke says "I'm really obsessed with the idea of making the guitar sound like anything but a guitar." He is currently working on commissions for the Kronos Quartet and the Rova Saxophone Quartet.

*Jorge Reyes' EL COSTUMBRE* (XCD-021) contains a fine use of sounds to carve into our collective unconscious. This is trance music from Mexico that combines the customs of the Huichol Indians with electronic music. A mystical experience, exploring dreams in two of the six tracks, Reyes states that he is setting out to save the ethnic cultures before contemporary society drowns them. Equally as

enervating, if not more so, is **SOUND COLUMN** (XCD-023) by *Lights in a Fat City*. This album originates from Australia and works with didgeridoo, animal horns, percussion and other unusual instruments. It was recorded live in the Exploratorium so that the resonating drones and soaring sounds could bring out the best in the music. This album is for meditating with at any hour of the day.

Another composer who has written for the Kronos is *Elliot Sharp. CRYPTID FRAGMENTS* (XCD-020) itself, the title work, is what Sharp calls "Irrational music", that is: "It represents acoustic phenomena and how we perceive them; rational is that which is structure and order (whether real, unreal, surreal or superreal); overall is the irrational containing all of the other parts and binding them with intuition, chaos and the tangential." Two of the other tracks are performed by *The Soldier String Quartet*, one being a soundtrack to an imaginary film about were-creatures, perhaps were-humans.

If you are someone who likes to sit at the controls of the CD-player and play with it as with a computer game then *Otomo Yoshihide's THE NIGHT BEFORE THE DEATH OF THE SAMPLING VIRUS* (XCD-024) is for you. This comprises seventy seven soundbites taken from various Japanese sources, like TV, radio, films, live, records. All are listed. Many only last a few seconds, others are as long as two or three minutes. There is scarcely any point to just playing the album, the only way to achieve anything is to become the performer oneself by manipulating the controls and flipping back and forth making your own soundtrack. Yoshihide even suggests rubbing grease on the record to get an erratic playback effect. Myself, I loved track thirty, to give one example. Modern Japan in a nutshell as my guest suggested.

All these records are distributed by Cargo.

# Boxing Jennifer

*after the critical  
drubbing of her debut  
movie **BOXING  
HELENA**,  
Jennifer Lynch  
comes out fighting.  
Cherry Maraschino  
eggs her on.*



Jennifer Lynch

One of the most contentious films of last year was Jennifer Lynch's directorial debut, **BOXING HELENA**. As if the subject matter – a woman kidnapped by an unhinged sociopath who cuts off her limbs and keeps her “prisoner” – wasn’t enough, there was also the heavily publicised court case, where the appalling Kim Basinger was sued for dropping out of the film at the last minute. When the movie finally opened – with Sherilyn Fenn taking the Basinger role – it was inevitably met with the kind of critical sneering usually reserved for a Madonna movie. Many critics seemed so keen to sneeringly gloat that Basinger did the right thing, that they probably wrote their reviews before even watching the film. Add to this Lynch’s “crime” of being the daughter of the director who’s work is too complex for your average newspaper hack to cope with, and the sticky story which simply couldn’t be approved of, and it was all too obvious that **BOXING HELENA** was going to be ripped apart.

More reasoned commentators saw the film as a brave attempt at dealing with a difficult concept; if the film failed, it was due to over-ambition, rather than any of the points made by most critics. Whatever valid criticisms there might be of the final film, it has to be said that Jennifer Lynch is a name to watch for in the future.

Prior to the film’s opening, Jennifer Lynch talked to **DIVINITY** about the trials and tribulations of this difficult project. We began by discussing the publicity surrounding the movie – little of which had anything to do with the actual film.



"Well, it's been very interesting," says Lynch. "I know that in a sense it's been tremendously good for the film, but it does worry me a little bit. We really intended to make a very small, very beautiful film, and I hope that people's interpretations of it can be as objective as possible, as opposed to what their expectations were. The trial made things a little bit cloudy I think."

After Basinger's well-publicised walk-out, and Madonna's earlier rejection of the role, the part of Helena went to Sherilyn Fenn, best known and loved as Audrey Horne from David Lynch's *TWIN PEAKS*. "She read the script, and her preconceived notion about it being my attempt to copy my father in a weird way was eliminated. She was very taken by the script and by who Helena was."

Was it difficult for her to take over a part already rejected by two household names? Lynch says not.

"I think Sherilyn certainly brought her own magic to it, and I think that one of the interesting things she said to me was that she wasn't filling the shoes of Madonna or Kim Basinger, but rather the shoes of Helena, and I figured that it was such a wonderful and pure approach that we couldn't go wrong."

Of course, Basinger's stated reason for quitting the film was her objections to the sex and violence involved. Leaving aside how laughable that is coming from this (not very) particular starlet, did Lynch herself have any qualms about the subject matter?

"When the idea was first brought to me, it was pretty much a single line idea, and my experience of it was that it was too excessively violent, that I didn't want to write something about a man who hacked up a woman and used her for sexual favours from a box. But what did interest me was the idea that you could make that something very beautiful. I knew I was walking a very fine line, but having felt imperfect as a child – as I think most of us do – and grown up around the statue of the Venus de Milo in my grandmother's house, I do recall looking at the statue, watching people stare at it, and I thought it was beautiful. So I was thinking: could I make a generally horrifying subject matter of this sort into a metaphor that was powerful and accessible,

and suggests why we shouldn't devotionally and physically dismember one another. It was a very hard thing. I did have qualms and I do think that some people have still misinterpreted me."

So what was the final intention of the film?

"What I really intended was to discuss the very typical idea of objectifying a woman, and yet suggesting why we shouldn't do it while illustrating that this is a metaphor for the way we really behave when we think we're in love, but we're actually projecting love onto an object. I think that in the end, Nick (Julian Sands) finally gives the gift of releasing her to himself, but he also gives

perceives Helena, and what he feels sex is all about – and what he finds sex to be all about. In the last scene, it's very distinctly his way of proving his manhood to Helena."

Despite the importance of the sexual element in the film, however, Lynch doesn't see it as being overly explicit. "Even though the MPAA is against the thrusting shot, it's not **BASIC INSTINCT** to me. It's not a film on that level", she explains.

Of course, no matter what asshole critics might have to say about **BOXING HELENA**, none can deny that it is *unusual*. Even here, though, they are able to snipe: after all, what else should we expect from

the daughter of David Lynch. So the question must be asked. Does weirdness run in the family? Has Jennifer been raised to be an oddball?

"As strange as people assume my childhood was, I think that it was perhaps more normal and healthy than a lot of others", she retorts. "My family is so close, even though my family is divorced."

But does being a Lynch offspring open doors?

"I think that depending on who you're dealing with, it either supremely helps or completely hinders. You know, it isn't as easy as they say; sometimes they ask you to prove yourself twice as hard, because they assume that there's only one member of the family who can possibly have talent."

What did the proud father think of his little girl's movie? Lynch grins. "He loves it! He actually asked me to do one of those painful things – to sit directly next to him when he saw it. He said it was one of the most magical things he'd ever seen."

Of course, for many people, the nightmare of getting this film onto the screen would be enough to drive them to seek out an alternative career, but Jennifer Lynch seems to be made of sterner stuff. "I'm writing a novel right now (*Lynch was the author of THE SECRET DIARY OF LAURA PALMER*), and I'm on the hunt for another film that I love and feel as deeply about as I did with **BOXING HELENA**. I've done some music videos, but I want to tell stories in whatever capacity the world will allow me for as long as I can."



Julian Sands and Sherilyn Fenn get intimate in **BOXING HELENA**

Helena one of the biggest gifts she's ever had, and that's the ability to be loved and left alone."

In attempting to create the right atmosphere, though, Lynch had to juggle the potentially explosive mix of sexual violence carefully. She also had some rather more basic difficulties to deal with.

"It was interesting to shoot love scenes as a woman through the eyes of a man, because it's really about how Nick

# FLESHPOT FEVER

## Velda Lauder's Basement Blow-Out

*Sal Volatile meets London's Queen of Clubs. Photographs by Phil Nicholls*

Fantastico!

Let it hang out! Let it slide in! In the ever expansive London fetish scene, designer supremo Velda Lauder's FANTASTIC club night is matchless.

The venue's an eyepopper. A large industrial elevator drops down a converted Brixton warehouse – The Vox – into several well appointed dancefloors where the mix of blazing exhibitionism, erotic playrooms plus classical and dance music makes for England's most ravishingly lavish perversity par excellence! It's one of the neatest and best designed compact venues in London and Lauder does it proud.

Now running the monthly club alongside her fashion emporium Pagan Metal (named from her two favourite words), Velda's exotic Jamaican/Cuban/Irish bloodline speaks volumes: "I was brought up in Dublin by my mother and grandmother," she explains in her creamy Irish brogue, "both very strong, outrageous women – second or third generation dominatrixes without really knowing it! I was always making clothes 'cos it was in the family. My mother always used to make up PVC hot-pants and jackets sets. We used to go round in our red-ensembles and our black-ensembles. She was a very fashionable woman. I've always had a thing for big black PVC coats since."

Like many of the recent emigration generation, Velda split Ireland early: "Dublin was quite interesting when I was there. 50-70% of the population is under 25, it has a huge youth population and very high unemployment so the country exports nearly all its youth. If people do stay in the country they have to fall back on their talents. They talk a lot and express themselves a lot. So my kind of youth was

full of people jumping around with guitars and amps or videos or poems or various writings. Everybody was expressing themselves in some way. I actually missed that a hell of a lot when I first came to London. The sense of expression. There was just an incredible amount of work. The place I lived in had two lizards a snake, 12 artists and a TV in the middle of the room where everyone would bring round the latest videos they'd done or found interesting.

The whole gay, fashion, music crowd was completely mixed. You'd have someone who was on the dole painting, rubbing shoulders with someone out of U2. The country is so small it's just a complete melting pot. The images we were working with always had a gay arty edge. We got our own club together and had theme nights: **BLADE RUNNER** or **Erotic Dancers** and that was how we started working with these images. It was always trying to be as extreme as possible – lots of work with chain-saws and fire. This was all around the mid-Eighties. It was a wonderful expressive time for me."

After runaway kicks in Ibiza working on a chain-gang redecorating the town's Acid Ecstasy club Ku, she returned to England and the start of her sexual education. A self-immolating period she remembers scathingly as: "A treadmill of decadence!...I got sucked into this whole Notting Hill jetset thing. Real mindfucking – bored, wealthy people feeding off others with loads of travel, drugs and really kinky sex.

I met this bunch in a pub in Dublin and ended up in a mansion outside of Kildare. I woke up in this bed next to this tattooed guy, checked my knickers were on and that was it. There's this Bermuda Triangle of people in Notting Hill, India and Ireland...

it's all travel drugs and games and they're all into really kinky sex. Bored people gathering interesting people around them.

But I've got no fascination with drugs at all. It's an utter waste. I didn't want to turn into a rich person's plaything. I did get my whole sexual education off them though. For me it's all voyeurism and watching. Hanging out with the idle rich was good practice."

Eventually she bailed out, falling in with more subculture hipsters working the coatcheck at influential Eighties London SM club Maitresse: "Lots of alternative people were there in coloured hair and corsets. They were all my fantasy people. Things I'd been drawing and trying to create in my own little world in Ireland and in Spain. These people didn't have much to say when you got to know them, it's just an image. But they looked like the Celtic warrior mix I grew up with. That's where a lot of my ideas come from, that's what a lot of the old Irish myths are about. Warrior women training the sons of kings in their long capes and leather bras.

Then I got introduced to the fetish scene through one of the friends who was working at the original fetish clubs Maitresse. So I started meeting people who were into all this fetish imagery, so that's what I found most interesting – all the visibility. The concept of the dominatrix with her wig and corset and high boots and battle armour – her whip as her sword and all her military training. It was like a modern myth to me. I got interested in the whole ritualistic change of power and that sophisticated sexuality was very psychologically fascinating."

After ravenously absorbing the more extreme creative fashions blossoming through the rag-end of Goth culture, she set up her Pagan Metal store smack in the



centre of Soho's old-time sleaze renaissance. Teaming up with her French business partner, the ever-buoyant Claude – a delicately slim transvestite Gallic entrepreneur often to be seen in full snog mode at Fantastic – the club concept followed on naturally.

Very much the-shop-of-the-club-of-the-concept, the premises' floorspace touts some wondrous sex-wear: an undergrowth of beauteous leather mini-corsets; striking metallic breast-plates; one-off dresses; space-age sexy tops; surgical boudoir attire; armoured leggings; exotic crotch-casings and gripping body garb of the kinkiest configuration. These clothes have a distinct and profound message for the browsing patron – Fuck, Or Be Fucked! And yes, you can have it both ways.

Three sites in Kensington Market, The Trocadero and now a shared basement enclave with Ritual in Soho, have marked out the progression of Velda and Claude's consuming passion: "I got interested in the whole ritualistic exchange of power. That sophisticated sexuality was very psychologically fascinating. Then I got into the women's gay scene which was another form of expressing female strength. So the whole lot combined to create my Warrior Woman fashions.

I'm always looking for new materials which really shouldn't be on the body. That's my whole philosophy. My fascination is with materials which are structural. Like metal-covered lycra. Get the most unusual materials and get them to look like they're restructuring the body. Corseting for instance. Everything is cut to make the woman's body look as great as possible – legs as long as possible, waist as small as possible, pointed bras. Everything to enhance the look of a woman. Recently we've got in to aluminium and metal corsetry and pewter-rubber...very tactile. I've gone through lycra and upholstery and PVC and leather and now metal. The next direction will be rubber moulding. There's lots of people in London doing rubber moulding at the moment.

One of my favourite sources of inspirations is post-holocaust movies where women are battling it out in futures where society is breaking down and being restructured. That's how I see life anyway. I can see it happening living outside Brixton. When I go out my makeup, my hair and clothes are all like a form of protection. I'm very into healing and magic too and working with various energies. I



have a really paranoia with society."

A recent Fantastic profile building foray at a large party in Paris was one of France's rare public fetish fashion events: "It's all private dungeons and individual scenes

over there. Street fashion doesn't really mix in the way it does in the UK. But it was a great opportunity to put on a large show and stock up the shops."

The discrete charm of the Parisian bourgeoisie is a world away from her personal style. Her Lauder-than-bombs disposition and several inflamed personal relationships have led to injunctions – and even occasional expulsions from other clubs – but Velda remains cheerfully pragmatic: "I'm not a very sexually oriented person really. My Irish background brings out the art of it all rather than the physicality of SM. I'm at my most creative when I'm up against complex personalities though I've never been harmed physically. But I'm at my most creative when I'm up against complex partners.

To be honest, I either need to be megafamous or dead. How? Probably by very fast car, murder, rape or throwing myself off a building for a dare! This far, an angel must have saved me from myself!"

ADVERTISEMENT

## CIRSIUM DELECTUS BY RICHARD BAYLOR



© 1993 EFI

£10 PAL (EUROPE) / \$20 NTSC (US)

Price includes postage

US/UK funds accepted Payable R Baylor Write for more info  
R Baylor PSC 41, Box 1621 APO AE 09464, USA

# THE SLEAZIEST THEATRE IN AMERICA

**Jack Stevenson** takes a squalid voyage of discovery

I lived in many cities in America during the last ten years, and being a film freak I immediately familiarised myself with the local movie scenes, everything from the pornos to the art-house, rep and Museum and University archive cinemas as well as the cinema clubs, Chinese action theatres and free library-screenings circuit. From the sleaziest XXX porno dives where you can tell the regular customers because they bring their own flashlights, to the highbrow, rarified aestheticism of holy chapels of "cinema" like the Harvard Film Archives in Cambridge and the mortuary-like sanctum of The Pacific Film Archives in Berkeley, California where they don't even permit the sounds of human breathing – let alone chewing on a bag of candy or popcorn – as reverent cineastes gather 'round to witness the mummified cadaver of Cinema. (I'll spare The Pacific Film Archives from further slams here because I want to savage it in its very own column sometime in the future).

The difference between the lowest of the porno dives and the highest of the University Archive cinemas is striking in its simplicity: In the porn cinemas people are *living*, engaged in every biologic activity you can think of, while in the Archive cinemas the people are *dead*, or pretending to be dead, while the films they watch are almost equally as close to death. It's like listening to the sound of a respirator.

I choose life over death and therefore I dedicate this column to a brief survey of the gutter-elite of America's porn theaters where a naked enthusiasm for life gushes forth like cheap malt-liquor from a just-opened bottle that's been shaken vigorously...

I'm talking here only about film-projected theaters because to me video-projection is a life-negation that saps the force and spirit from a movie theater and, even worse,

video-projection is deprived of the elemental life-force that originates from the mechanical process of film projection, as any scientist can tell you. The basic 24-frames-per-second flicker of light is replaced by an electronic image that lacks the power to entrance the subconscious. It can all be explained scientifically – I'll save that for a later column as well. Anyway, when you cross off video-projected theaters from your travel plans, that leaves you with only a handful of theaters to visit in America. Most major cities have at least one remaining film-projected porno theater where you be fairly sure to be subjected to the most appalling conditions imaginable. In Baltimore be sure to visit the APEX theater in the Fells Point district – the same neighborhood that gave John Waters his start and where several landmarks from the Waters milieu still remain. Next, visit the APPLE theater in Seattle at the corner of Pike and Boren streets (so what if you gotta travel three thousand miles in one hop). And in San Francisco be sure to wrap up your dream vacation with an afternoon at the MINI ADULT THEATER in the grisliest part of San Francisco's hairiest neighborhood, the TENDERLOIN, at the corner of Jones and Golden Gate. Pick a pleasant, sunny day to visit the MINI ADULT to add to the jarring contrast of the vile darkness into which you're about to be plunged.

You enter the small ticket lobby. A couple of movie posters are crudely taped into old poster display cases long ago smashed out and battered almost off the walls. These posters consist of maybe one simple image and crude lettering advertising a film that you can be sure isn't playing inside – the posters often feature cut-outs pasted on the paper in a style that comes strangely close to the European Ari-Brut where insane or retarded patients assembled collages seemingly at random...except these posters lack any spark.

You approach the ticket window streaked with greasy desperate fingerprints and the suds of dried whiskey. An oriental guy takes your \$3 with dirty hands as you can see over his shoulder that he's repairing one of the two Bell-And-Howell 16mm projectors used in the cinema. These are junky classroom projectors they never clean and gobs of hair and crud often jam into the projector gate clouding the movie with giant hairy bobbing insect shapes. The ticket booth in fact doubles as a projection booth. To say this guy is "in charge" is surely a leap of logic since he never leaves this barracaded little room and likely the last thing on earth he wants to know about is what exactly is going on inside his little theater.

You push aside the moldy curtain over the doorway entrance and enter into total darkness ... bumping into an immobile cluster of men gathered in the aisle just beyond the curtain. No one says anything. Words, even words of surprise or anger when you step on someone's foot, are never uttered here. Nobody has a voice or a face in the MINI ADULT, unless somebody wanders in front of the projector beam and suddenly a livid white complexion shines forth before ducking out of the way.

You find a seat, carefully feeling in the darkness so that you don't end up sitting on someone's lap. After a while your eyes have adjusted to the darkness and you realize that a theater that was almost full when you entered is now nearly empty – the density and deployment of the audience changes rapidly here and without any apparent connection to the movie that's playing. A lot of men wander about in confusion as well, as if they are completely oblivious they are in a movie theater... even though the beam of the projector is shining directly into their blank faces, creating a brief hairy silhouette on the screen that no one ever complains about.

The dim projection beam of the Bell-and-

Howell slices the fetid, smokey darkness to shine an image onto a "screen" up front which is not a screen at all but merely a wood wall painted white. A wall with a few bashes in it and a loose board hanging here and there.

The place is not big, maybe fifty people at most could sit down in the old, hard, uncomfortable rows of movie seat, bare wood. But there is plenty of open floor space and the joint has the feel and atmosphere of an auto garage or a forgotten storage room for sacks of rice and lard. The sound of the movie is too low and distorted to hear what's going on, the speakers sound like somebody put their foot through them or somebody had their head jammed into one of them. Enhanced by the vague echo in the room, it sounds like you're listening to the film underwater. The films are all grade-Z ultra-low budget XXX porno films from the 1970-1972 era that had muddy sound quality to begin with, and used alot of generic easy-listening music. So largely you end up listening to distorted, wobbling, echoey easy-listening music recorded in a bath-tub (underwater) (apparently) while on screen grainy images in lurid reddish colors of greasy-bearded-with-long-sideburns guys are screwing skinny hippy chicks in unappetizing close-up. These films have been run a million times through projectors and they don't rent them, they just have piles of reels sitting in the back room and throw them on the projectors at random. Often you'll be waiting for the second half of a movie to come on and they just start up another reel of a different movie and you realize it doesn't matter at all. They keep the projectors running at all times because the last thing anybody ever wants to happen are for the lights to come on at the Mini Adult Theater!

The films are all of heterosexual pornographic activity although you never see a woman in the place. Even the most dragged-out junkie prostitute wouldn't go in the place, and the sex acts that occur here are of the other variety. For some reason a lot of very old and almost blind men frequent the mini adult, tenants of the many flea-bag residential hotels nearby for which the Tenderloin has been known for decades. Just now one of these nearly blind old geezers is feeling his way down a row of seats for a place to sit while several patrons deftly dodge out the way of his groping advances. In addition to the sense of ghost-like anonymity people have there, it's

impossible in many cases to figure out if some of these very straight and respectable, (or very old and oblivious) duffers are here looking for something specific or if they truly did just wander in unknowing. They don't have a face and they don't have a clue, and there are no clues about them. It's impossible to "read" a lot of these folks.

As I said in the beginning, people live here, they drink beer and smoke Marijuana and engage in sex acts, and sleep ... and take drugs in the lavatory located up front to the right. And they piss, somewhere. The lavatory however, is reserved for assembly line dispensing of quick hits of crack cocaine - the kind of thing that hits you like the wallop of a baseball bat to the back of your skull fifteen seconds after you snort or smoke a hit. Many is the time somebody stumbles out of the lavatory and directly into the glare of the projection beam with nose twitching and eyeballs rolling in bloodshot ecstasy only to falter clumsily into the front row of patrons who remain uncannily silent as they skillfully slip out of his slippery, epileptic, involuntary embrace.

Often a guy will emerge from the bathroom sucking on a can of beer, finishing it and throwing onto the floor where it hits with a bang. The only person whom I ever saw that appeared to be in some fashion working there or in some position of authority in the MINI ADULT, was a black guy who was dragging around a plastic garbage bag full of empty cans he was picking out from bet-ween the seats. He would then noisily crush them and drop them into the bag. Two indistinct negro forms were sitting in the next row over, engaged in an unprintable and unconcealed sex act when the "can man" came up to them, looked around them for empty cans an continued on without a word.

The most notorious of the sleazy sex theaters, clubs and hotels in New York and California were closed in the mid-

1980s in reaction to the emergence of AIDS, but the MINI ADULT THEATER remains one of those little joints so low-down below the cop's radar that they don't even bother with it. The only people who know about the MINI ADULT are the people who go to it. It's a city where decadent punk, gay and lesbian performance artists seek to achieve new levels of shock, covered in piercings and tattoos, the wildest, "free-est", most utterly permissive and anarchistic little joint remains completely unknown. Sleaze is in style in San Francisco but the MINI ADULT continues to spin in its own orbit.

The only time I heard a spoken word in the MINI ADULT, the sound of a human voice, was when I had treated two friends from Detroit to an afternoon at the MINI ADULT and we were leaving. "Goodbye Officers!" rang out a sarcastic salutation as we passed through the tattered curtain over the exit door and into the blinding, brutal sunlight of the "real world".

#### ADVERTISEMENT

### EROTICA, SEXOLOGY & CURIOSA

Quality and rare editions, Olympia and Luxor Press, Marquis de Sade etc. Send £2/\$5 for full catalogue of new and secondhand books and details of the stunning new Delectus "Fetish" and "Desire to Dominate" T-shirts. "The leading source for hard-to-find erotica": Michael Perkins, *Screw*

#### A GUIDE TO THE CORRECTION OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN by A Lady

The ultimate guide to Victorian domestic discipline, a cult hit in the UK and USA. "For connoisseurs of vintage erotic literature and classroom discipline, it's a must": *Forum*. Delectus hbk, 128pp: £19.95 + £1.20 UK/£1.50 Europe/£3.80 elsewhere

#### 120 DAYS OF SODOM

Adapted for the stage by Nick Hedges, from the novel by de Sade. The award winning play now available from Delectus. "A bizarre pantomime of depravity that makes the Kama Sutra read like a guide to hygiene": *What's On*. Delectus pbk, 112pp: £6.95 + 60p UK/£1.20 Europe/£2 elsewhere.

Payment by cheque, cash, VISA or MasterCard to: Delectus Books, 27 Old Gloucester St, London WC1N 3XX (Tel: 081 963 0979 Fax: 081 963 0502)



MAIL ORDER ONLY - NO CALLERS



# the ugly AMERICAN

**Paul Anthony Woods** unearths the dark visions of the official war artist for the Apocalypse, Joe Coleman

In the last edition of **DIVINITY**, Sal Volatile examined the infernal work of Joe Coleman, who he described as "America's most (un)wanted living artist". Coleman's work, seen on deviant culture icons such as **APOCALYPSE CULTURE**, the poster for **HENRY - PORTRAIT OF A SERIAL KILLER** and the video sleeve of **CHARLES MANSON SUPERSTAR** screams of chaos and decay, presenting the last gasps of a crumbling civilization. But what of the man himself? Is he a visionary genius, or simply a geek with a warped imagination? Paul Anthony Woods met him and dug for the truth beneath the pictures.

♦ ♦ ♦

*Your art seems to be a hybrid of disgust and fascination, neither one quite seeming to get the upper hand...is that how you see it?*

Well...er...(long pause)...that's hard to say. It's stuff that I'm trying to grapple with and I guess it does have an attraction and a repulsion for me - certainly a fascination. It has to do with kinda the opposite of modern art. When modern art deal with chaos, it's splattered paint in an abstract painting, it's like thrown all over the canvas. Shapeless.

Yeah. But in my case it's trying to get control of the fear, so that everything has to be controlled, bordered, isolated, defined, clarified, so that I'm trying to put the thing down, to wrestle it to the floor, to nail it down.

*You talk about the fear. The fear seems very well personified in the human form. Do you perceive fear in a human form?*

I perceive my own in human form, because there's nothing to fear except the body. The body's the source of fear because



the only things to be afraid of are things that will traumatise the body or the psyche. I feel that death is a release from it, but the only things to fear are physical things.

*In the promo material handed out by your publisher, you cite influences such as Bosch, but is there something of the cinema*

*lobby poster or the EC horror comic in there as well?*

Yeah, I certainly like EC horror comics. I also liked sideshow banner artwork, that's another influence. The cover art that was on monster models from the Sixties was an influence...yeah, there's a lot of sources.

*So is Joe Coleman just as much a child of Pop Culture as a seer of infernal visions?*

Yeah. I think that I draw influences from many different sources, also from film too, from experiencing movies.

*Your book has an introduction by Robert Crumb. Do you feel any great affinity with his generation - the underground cartoonists of the late Sixties/early Seventies?*

Yeah, I do feel...I like the fact that those cartoonists certainly pushed the boundaries of what could possibly be the subject of a comic. And I do like the comics a lot, but I feel more comfortable as a painter than as a cartoonist.

*Were you ever affected by any of the underground horror comics like SKULL and SLOW DEATH?*

Yeah. I liked the ones that Charles Dallas did, and there was this guy Jim Osbourne who did some interesting stuff.

*How and why did you form the coast-to-coast association with Adam Parfrey?*

That was probably somewhere around 1981 or '82, is what I'm guessing. I met him in New York, shortly after his father had died, and he had this flag that was given to him after the funeral, because his father was a WWII veteran. When he mentioned who he was, I remembered his father as a character actor in a lot of old films. He was kinda the poor man's Elisha Cook, he would only last about twenty minutes into the film and be killed off.

*It's a living...so when you met Parfrey, apart from any old movie empathy you might have had together, were the interests you have in common immediately obvious?*

Yeah, we had a rapport. For several years while he was in New York City, we'd do all kinds of shit together.

*Was he acting at the time?*

No, no, no, he was acting before that.

*There's this whole idea of a scene that's grown up - is that exaggerated, or is it just a convenient pigeon-hole?*

What scene?

Well, your name and Parfrey's are lumped together with other people on the West Coast - everyone from Anton LaVey to Nick Bougas and Boyd Rice, even Nick Schreck...

Well, I don't like to get lumped together with anybody. I stand by myself.

*That's what I'm saying. Your activities are all very different, so is it exaggerated?*

From my perspective it is. But you get labelled all kinds of shit.

*So as far as you're concerned, the*



*movement or scene has no validity?*

Yeah. I'm just doing my own stuff. Adam Parfrey happens to be a friend of mine. I don't know Boyd Rice, I met Nick Bougas once...Nicholas Schreck I know vaguely.

*Jumping onto the idea of cultural apocalypse...Leonard Cohen recently said that the apocalypse is happening all around us, it's not confined to some doomsday time off in the future. How do you feel about that?*

What I feel is that mankind as a species is more like a form of disease that's on the planet. This would always occur when mankind appears on a planet. It would always follow this course, the same way that cancer in your body, when it first appears, it's not really a threat, it's hardly noticeable. When mankind first appeared on the planet, he was hardly noticeable at all. But as mankind progressed as a disease, it started to grow tumours onto the host, which is the planet Earth. The tumours are cities and now the disease has progressed to the point where it's a threat to the very

host. Anytime there's a threat to your own body, your body's gonna do everything it can to save itself. Nature's method of dealing with this is to encourage more people to hate each other, more of a desire for violence, more of a desire for sexual perversion, because all of these things will help cut back the herd. Sexual perversion will prevent new people from being made, because it goes against pro-creative sex. Violence will cut down the herd that already exists, from the smallest thing which is an increase in serial killings or mass murders, to an increase in war, that there will be more blacks that hate whites, more women that hate men, more men that hate women. From the lowest increase to the highest increase, it's desirable. Nature wants that. Nature wants more disease, because all of these things are gonna cut back the herd that already exists. So this overall interest in things like this may look like a trend, but beneath it, it's something that nature desires.

*It's an irrevocable march of history?*





Uh-huh...

*That's a very apocalyptic vision. Do you think that's influenced or permeated at all by your own religious upbringing?*

Well yeah, I guess everything has to do with my religious upbringing, but this is something that seems obvious to me, it doesn't seem supernatural, it seems natural.

*Some of your landscapes/peoplescapes look like they are devoted to Hell rather than Heaven. Is that a conscious thing?*

I'm Catholic, you know, I'm a pagan catholic, so that stuff is part of my internal structure. That stuff's part of the foundations of my house, say. From early childhood, that's how the house was built, it was built of catholicism, so you can't just rip out the structure, you can't rip out the foundations of a house, it won't stand, but what you can do is utilize what's there. The same way that mankind has learned how to harness the flow of a river in order to generate electricity, you can redirect the flow. I can choose to point catholicism in

certain directions that I prefer, that are useful to me. So I channel its power, because its power is what has value to me. Other things are not gonna have those powers for me, emotional power. Because I wasn't brought up on some other thing, it's not gonna work. Symbols that are most powerful for me come from catholicism.

*So you've used those icons. You've kept them and maybe subverted them in some way.*

Yeah, I make friends with the enemy and use his power.

*Your live performances, which I know of only through legend... is it true you bit the heads from rats?*

Yeah, I've bitten the heads off rats, mice and chickens.

*Right...you weren't prejudiced in favour of one particular species. That's good. What was the reaction at the time?*

Er...well...(laughs). I was often arrested for that kind of stuff, which is surprising to me because in the case of rodents, they're pests, not pets. The city hire people to

exterminate rodents, housewives will buy mousetraps, and that's perfectly fine, but if I use it as a form of expression, I get arrested.

*On what basis - cruelty to animals, obscenity on stage, or what?*

Well, it's under the Agriculture And Markets Law of cruelty to animals. It's a commercial law. If you're using livestock in order to be sold in a market, you have to treat them in a certain way. So they're using this kind of thing that's used against farms and stuff on me as an animal because I killed a couple of rats or something on stage. It's ridiculous.

*Did you have any affinity with other performance artists at the time, or were you just out to fuck people's heads?*

I wasn't really affiliated with anybody. It started out as closer to abnormal psychology than art, because I started out doing that stuff, exploding into strangers homes, when I was a kid, as an expression of suppressed resentment and rage. That's how it started. Eventually I tried to harness this thing and cultivate it in such a way that it would not work against me. But I really had no influence in that way. Later I found out about people like Otto Muhl and I liked what they were doing, but they weren't an influence on me.

*I was speaking to a guy called Jan Van Bebber recently, and he's making a film called CHARLIE'S FAMILY. He said although he regards Manson as an evil murdering pig, he almost did right by his upbringing. Meaning if daddy was the jailhouse, how can you be expected to grow up as anything but a nihilist? Now, you seem to have that kind of empathy with people like Manson, Henry Lee Lucas - or Henry in the movie anyway, which you did the poster for - and Carl Panzaram. Is there a kind of social conscience at work here, speaking out on behalf of the sociopathic mentality that the liberals would never, ever embrace?*

Well...I have compassion for these people that you mentioned. You know, they're very much human. They're sometimes pointed out to be these horrible monsters, but it's hypocrisy, because you've got a guy like Bush or Clinton, who's responsible for the torture and death of millions, for the "good". He's doing it because God's on his side. It's a facade. A guy like Manson is a scapegoat, put up to the American public as a symbol of evil, to hide the real evil. Manson is more of a tragic figure, he didn't really have any choice. He

was a career criminal. He tried to get the best life that he could out of what little he had, and he had shit. I can have more compassion for him ...I can feel for him.

*Do you see him as a prophet?*

He's a prophet in the way that he has something valuable to say. He's not always good - sometimes he's very unclear, but other times he really comes up with interesting things.

*I always feel that Manson has a certain amount of skill in being able to perceive what each generation wants as a messiah. His whole philosophy from the early to mid Eighties onwards is very different from the sort of thing he was saying in the Sixties.*

He remains a really interesting character. He's not the monster that the media has made him, but he's not exactly truthful when he talks either. But you can see the man through that, and the man is an interesting tragedy. That's what makes him fascinating, his human side.

*Do you think someone like him, or Henry or Panzaram, show us something terrifying that we couldn't focus on in our own personal mirror?*

Yeah, something that we all carry around

with us. They're all part of us. In the media, they try to make these guys into the Bogey Man, because that will render them safe. But I wanna see where they're like me.

*How do you feel about the bizarre romantic attachment some people seem to have for the Third Reich?*

Er...I don't have that feeling...

*I'm not saying you do. But what do you think of this latterday glamourisation?*

It's like people who are interested in body building or plastic surgery - making their tits bigger or muscles bigger. It's all about the denial of death. If you can just make yourself strong enough then maybe death won't be so frightening. What it really does is make the fear even stronger. I see all these different outlets as the same thing.

*Who do you think knows what's going on? Who sees things with an unblinking eye?*

It's pretty difficult. I don't think that anyone sees everything. You have to always have an open mind to what happens, because it's never the same. The world's constantly changing. The more that you learn, the more you find out that you don't even know shit. There are some people that are doing interesting things, that are

figuring out a lot of stuff, and then there are those who are just trying to figure out stuff about themselves. I thought that Jeffrey Dahmer is interesting in the way that he's really trying to find out about himself. Dahmer said "pornography didn't do it, satanism didn't do it, it's me". That's pretty interesting, that he'll be that honest.

*Do you think that's the kind of brutal honesty we'll have to learn to live with?*

Yeah, you can use him as an example. Here's a guy that's got a lot of shit that he has to come to terms with.

*When you look around at popular modern culture, what do you see?*

I see chaos and fear and resentment...a kind of isolation that people are feeling. They're reaching for aesthetic, phoney things to fill these blanks.

*Is that something you see as continuing?*

Yeah, it's growing and continuing, I think. It goes back to what I was telling you before. It's what nature wants. I like to use the example of rats because I used them in my work. If you get too many rats in a cage, then they eat each other.

DOMINA



The high quality magazine dedicated to all aspects of Corrective Eroticism and the Restrictive Arts. 76 pages packed full of Articles, Stories, Photos, and a Free Personal Ads. section, with worldwide contacts. Be warned Domina is not for the faint-hearted!!

*"Fingerlicking, Dangerous, Daring, Wonderful, will change the look of the British Fetish Magazine"*

Secret Magazine (Belgium)

*"A welcome and intelligent arrival on the scene"*

Shiny/Rubberist

*"Destined to be one of the best magazines on the market"* Shades

Priced at only £10 for U.K. (P&P inclusive) customers make cheques payable to 'Domina', (No foreign cheques please) Customers are advised to send cash by registered post only, either Dm30, Ffr100, or £10 Sterling. US customers send \$20 cash (P&P inclusive) Strictly for Strict Adults. Age Statement Required.

DOMINA, 27 OLD GLOUCESTER ST., LONDON WC1N 3XX, UNITED KINGDOM.

# Strange Movies

*the latest bizarre release from Damon Barr  
and Marie-Anne Ferral examined by David Flint*

Britain's finest experimental filmmakers Damon Barr and Marie-Anne Ferral had a hard task ahead to them when the time came to create a follow up their breath-taking **ARCHIVE EMETICA**. Rather than try to take the unique vision of that film and its predecessor **FIRST DOCUMENT** any further, they have instead come up with **STRANGE MOVIES**, a collection of five highly individual short films that give full reign to their fear and fascination for the body.

With a total running time of thirty-seven minutes, this collection succeeds as both separate entities and as a whole. Each piece here has its own distinct identity, and yet they manage to form a strangely coherent whole; there is a definite sense of continuity and flow in evidence, a sense reinforced by the inter-cutting of images and themes from one film to another.

The collection opens with **TEST FILM**, which uses found footage from 1950's educational movies, apparently teaching kids how to be wholesome, healthy and productive members of society. These images of conformity and cleanliness are disturbing in themselves; nobody can *really* be so pure. In Barr's reworking, the original meaning is carefully subverted by editing and music, to give a sinister feeling; rather like the work of David Lynch, this film claws its way under the "normality" of life and exposes the dark underbelly, but while Lynch does this in a fictional context, Barr has managed it in a much more complicated way. There is no real reason why we should find this footage disturbing, or get a sense of abuse from it, but we do. Images of a small girl having her hair brush rather *too* attentively, a boy picking away at a plaster on his leg, or a child being dragged to a bathroom sink by his mother take on a disturbing new relevance with all





that we know about the dangers of child abuse (whether mental, physical or sexual). In reality, Barr has simply stripped the gloss from the original film, and revealed the truth beneath.

**BODYSHOCK** is more familiar Barr/Ferrai territory, taking in images of physical disgust and desire, which often blur into one. A mix of film and video, the film takes a hard look at dangerous sexuality – the vicarious thrill involved in taking risks, and the terror that follows. As film-makers, Barr and Ferrai have also taken risks, showing supposedly taboo material, but playing with our

interpretations of such images. There is shocking footage of mutilation shown, but projected in such a way as to be rendered unreal, and therefore “safe”; however, beneath this protective gloss, the “unsafe” reality is ever present. As with the earlier films, the body is the central theme here, being abused, destroyed, physically altered and finally cleansed (of sin?).

**ORAL ENGORGEMENT RITUAL** is an oddity in the collection, as it is not actually made by Barr and Ferrai, who instead acted as “producers” to a performance by Jenni Cox, filmed by Wendy Cox. As such, the film seems odd

out of place at first glance, the production style being a little too close to the Eighties “Cinema Of Transgression” at its sloppiest to sit alongside the dark visions on display throughout the rest of the tape. The central theme, the fascination with the physical, remains constant, however. Here, we see a woman in a bathtub, literally stuffing herself with food, rubbing it over her body, becoming engorged, both physically and mentally. The obvious message here is about our relationship with food and the effect on the body, the most extreme results being anorexia or bulimia. If the film fails, it is because these themes are rather too blatantly handled, sadly lacking the subtle approach that makes the Barr/Ferrai work so rewarding. The viewer has no real need to think about this film – it does all the work for you. Furthermore, it’s very much a theatrical piece. While the Barr/Ferrai films use the mediums of film and video to their fullest, **ORAL ENGORGEMENT RITUAL** is very more of a performance art record, and may be better suited to stage presentation. As a result, although an interesting production, and one which is aiming in the right direction, it remains the weakest link in the chain of **STRANGE MOVIES**.

**STRANGE SISTER** is a startling, visually stunning series of cut-up material that takes the imagery of surgery and splices them in with porno shots. This juxtaposition of different ways we view the body might seem obvious – and has certainly been done before – but is handled here with consummate skill and wit, bringing a new validity to the concept. Some of these medical images will be familiar to readers of earlier issues of **DIVINITY**, a series of bisected and stripped down organs that appeared in early editions of this very magazine (and before that, in medical volumes). As the film progresses, the juxtaposition of images becomes almost too fast to follow, a blurred assault of body parts and medical atrocities. In the end, the human body seems to little more than a sum of parts, a collection of choice cuts from the butcher’s shop.

The final film on the tape, **SM189/CELLAR 23** is at once the most visually “ordinary” and the most subversive of the films included here. The film is an eight minute record of sado-masochistic acts, shot in highly stylised black and white, edited starkly and brooding with malevolent sexuality. The film is presented as a female fantasy about



SM, with her mind placing her in both dominant and submissive roles, and works on all levels. As a technical piece, the film is flawless, showing that the Barr/Ferral team would be more than capable of handling conventional film-making techniques if they chose to do so. Equally,

as a piece of experimental video, it is a splendid work, visually striking and deeply intriguing. Finally, as a piece of erotic film-making, the film is incredibly stirring. Barr and Ferral wipe the floor with more or less everyone else currently labouring to make "SM movies". Avoiding the crass abuse of heavy torture tapes, yet equally eschewing the coffee-table tedium of the glossy SM crowd, the film is darkly erotic and manages to bypass the intellect entirely, instead striking at the heart with uncanny precision. This is a film made by quality film-makers who have a deep understanding of the ritual and powerplay involved in sado masochism, but who are also distant enough from the subject matter to avoid self-indulgence. It makes a fitting



conclusion to the collection of **STRANGE MOVIES**.

A powerful and consistent collection of work, these films see Barr and Ferral moving forward with new found confidence, taking chances, stretching themselves as film-makers and proving beyond doubt that they are without peer in the world of experimental film. Anyone who thought that the pair could only use one technique to explore their dark visions of erotica and cvisceration should think again. As well as proving that Barr/Ferral have more than one subversive string to their bow, these **STRANGE MOVIES** manage to dazzle the eye, unsettle the mind, haunt the soul and stir the groin – not a bad combination all round. This is a work of beauty and horror, croticism and revulsion, madness and genius. Taste the pain...



*Divinity Seden*

# Fantasy Garden of Earthly Delights

*Mark Day enters the fetish world of Torture Garden...*

**P**icture this. A long, orderly queue snakes down a dark, chilly side-street. Party-goers of all ages and affiliations await admission to a large, converted warehouse from which thudding, muffled noises emanate, suggesting dance-music in the area.

Standing in line, diverse factions mix. Even wrapped-up against the weather and the puzzled gaze of mini-cab drivers, they resemble extras from *MAD MAX*, or some other post-apocalyptic flick. Head-to-toe rubber ravers, flamboyant kinky-girl transvestites, mutant-wastoid types with faces literally studded with body-piercings, panda-eyed goths who've swapped crushed-velvet for P.V.C. for the night, gay leathermen, lesbian leatherdykes, crop-haired industrial-rock freaks, and, inevitably, the suburban SM set that the tabloids find so fascinating.

Inside, past the candle-lit stairway where flame-jugglers and fire-breathers perform to the ambient sound of Gregorian chanting, stepping gingerly over the man lying on a bed of broken glass, discarded clothing is mounting in the cloak-room. Several hundred costume-concealing calllength coats are checked in for the evening.

Around the walls, TV screens silently flicker home-video style footage of genital body-piercings in progress. In a side-room, couples cruise through an indoor market specializing in handcuffs, leather restraints, adult toys and riding crops.

On the dance floor, the persistent crunch of Ministry throbs on. Distorted loud-hailer vocals bark away over drum-beats that sound like the bailiffs pounding down the doors of a million Poll Tax evaders. Another gust of dry-ice shrouds the dancers into silhouette.



Amidst the shoe-lickers, disco dominatrices, men-on-the-end-of-dog-leashes and androgynous glamour-boys pulling over-dramatic dance shapes, you catch a glimpse of one of those leather-clad suburban couples, intrepidly grooving away.

They're dancing stiffly, in clumsy school-teacher-at-a-Sixth-form-disco style. It's a fair bet that they haven't got a clue who or what Ministry might be. But the sweaty, aerobicing industrialites who do know their Chicago Wax Trax from their Belgian New Beat, aren't sneering at this valiant (if slightly ludicrous) sight.

Though 'anything goes' seems to be the order of the evening (from bared breasts to rubber-wrapped total body enclosure) putting anyone down would be a serious breach of etiquette. Unless of course, they ased for it. Many do, in the hardcore playroom on the next floor.

New York? Berlin? San Francisco? Not quite. Try Islington, North London.

This is (or rather, was) Torture Garden, Britain's biggest regular fetish and body-art club, in full flight. In recent times, it's had to abandon Electrowerkz, the venue with the theatrical stone staircase, which promised an ascension into a carnival of carnality. But after some hit-and-miss wanderings round the fringes of London's night-club venue circuit, it has resettled in a four-level building (still in North London) with a rabbit warren of rooms, corridors and environments inviting exploration.

London has seen a small explosion in nude rubber night-life in the last few years. Simultaneously, fetish clubs have diversified to the point where no two are quite the same. From the flirty, frivolous glamour-puss style of Fantastical to the more traditional, serious ambience of Severin's KISS, a hybrid, kinky community is cross-fertilizing ideas, influences and attitudes while bringing fetishism out from behind the twitching curtains of suburbia.

There are, of course, small, low key clubs catering specifically for serious aficionados more interested in gas-masks, creative knot-work and vintage mackintoshes than in Jean Paul Gaultier's latest fetish-inspired creation. But Torture Garden is big enough to give every colour of the fetish spectrum - from eager-to-please masochists in the shadowy playrooms through to deviant dandies and disco divas on the dance floor - the space to express themselves in a sympathetic environment.

While, in some ways, the fetish scene as a whole is edging towards the banality of the over-familiar, Torture Garden has remained frisky and fresh. This is due, in no small part, to the commitment of its organizers towards creating something special, be it providing short-notice performance space to the controversial Boyd Rice (see DIVINITY volume 1, number 4) or staging lavish fashion extravaganzas featuring the likes of perv-disco icons Salon Kitty. It remains the place to capture the fetish dynamic at its hyperactive, interactive best.

The club started in late 1990, when flatmates David and Alan (no surnames) decided to run a fetish club in a small, short-lived music venue located in the heart of London's less-than-glamorous Shepherd's Bush shopping precinct. Alan was and is) a DJ, David was (and is) interested in experimental films and performance art.

The contrasts between us make the club quite broad," explains David, a tall, shaven-headed CLOCKWORK ORANGE refugee, who, perhaps inevitably, turns out to be polite, friendly and articulate.

"If I was doing it on my own it would be more experimental, maybe too experimental. If Alan was doing it, it would be much more commercial, so we pull in different directions.

"It started off on a much more intimate level. The fetish establishment didn't really like it at first. I think they thought we were young upstarts who weren't into the 'real' scene. We got snubbed for quite a while until we proved it was quite a serious club. We were the first club really catering for the body-art scene that was bubbling below the surface, just waiting to come out into the open. There's also quite a big separation between the younger 'fashion' fetish crowd and the older S&M scene, but I think we've managed to bring them all together."

Their early days, flanked in by supermarkets in Shepherd's Bush, resulted in a tabloid "Sex And Sin In Shopping Arcade Shocker"-style exposé, but as crowds grew, the search for larger premises was on.

"The right venue's essential," says David, "and it can be really embarrassing phoning up a really straight venue and saying, 'Hi, we run the Torture Garden'. Quite a provocative name already. Then you have to explain what a fetish club is. Start from the beginning and go through all those misconceptions about what it is, all the horror stories and the bad press.

Fortunately, a lot of venues have quite a sympathetic attitude."

There are other factors affecting choice of location, as David explains.

"Unless it's quite a small club that goes unnoticed, you have to avoid the West End of London. There's no illegality about the clubs, but if it's too visible the police don't seem to want it around, they'd rather keep it under the surface. No one seems to care as long as it's not too public.

"When it was still in Shepherd's Bush you had to be quite dedicated to get there, it was a little bit further out. It's a bit bullshit in a way, but I suppose there's this romantic idea that people want it to be a little bit difficult to get to."

At Torture Garden there is always a certain frisson, a subtle (and sometimes not so subtle) aura of decadent deeds in the air. You could spend the night on the dancefloor and never stumble across anything more shocking than some under-dressed exhibitionists baring a little more than you'd expected. On the other hand, in some of the quieter corners...

"Ideally, we'd like to be as extreme as possible," admits David. "But we're realistic enough to know that if it goes too far we'll be closed down. So we do police it. No sex is allowed what so ever. We allow playful S&M stuff, but there's no physical S&M that could cause any lasting effects. It's more symbolic and stylish. Most people who come along are quite sensible about what they can and can't do."

The broad mix of people at Torture Garden is encouraged by a fairly ambiguous attitude to their dress code.

"We don't want to be really narrow," says David. "If you specify only rubber and leather it's very boring in a way. For me, it's about fantasy, and any fantasy in any material is great if it's thinking about sexuality and the body. But you have to draw the line when it becomes average streetwear, that's what we're trying to stop."

"We keep it underground in that we only advertise through the mailing list and through specialist shops and clubs. But we like to encourage new people to the scene to come along, because we've got such a multi dimensional experience. There's something there for everybody. It challenges people's pre-conceptions of what it'll be like, because it has lots of different levels to it.

"Ideally a novice can come along and just enjoy it as a club, enjoy dressing up. But, because it's got more specialized, hardcore

areas, it keeps the hardcore people happy as well."

As to the snowballing growth of the club scene?

"I think it's changed a lot of people's attitudes to exploring sexuality and it's opened up the narrow limitations of what people thought S&M and fetishism was," considers David.

"The negative side is that in a way the whole club scene has become about novelty value, really, and being a bit naughty."

Torture Gardeners like to keep their patrons on their toes with bizarre performers who out-weird their clientele from kinky ballerinas to tribal dancers to (at one memorable, typically over-crowded event) two misfits in body armour who sent sparks flying by applying Black & Decker power-tools to each others' metallic costumes.

"We like to encourage really experimental performances. Sometimes we take a chance and, whether it's good or bad, we'd much rather be challenging. We like things to go out, into the audience – fire eaters, jugglers and so on, and have performances that flow with the club, rather than have everyone stop and look at a stage. Also people creating their own performances makes the atmosphere really exciting.

"Sometimes it's just sensation for the sake of it. It can be a bit clichéd and tacky but in a way you can't resist that fantasy theatricality. You always read about really interesting, experimental performers in other parts of the world, like America and Europe, but this country has such a lack of that. Even we've been quite limited with that, but what little we've had has been quite an achievement.

"When not searching out eccentric and esoteric entertainers, David has more basic problems to deal with.

"Just surviving at all is an achievement in a way. The fact that we exist at all has been a real struggle. We've had trouble with venues, a few with the law, a few with the news-papers. To still be here without too many compromises is quite an achievement."

The sheer scale of the events – anywhere between five and seven hundred people creating merry havoc till the early hours of the morning – can be a problem in itself.

We have been considering much smaller, more intimate events," admits David. "When it's smaller, you can get away with more. But it's very rewarding the response you get from people, when you can see

people evolve from coming to the club.

"It's very difficult to actually enjoy it sometimes. It's like going to the office, we have to work to make it work. But occasionally we find a little time to enjoy it ourselves."

The events are staged every four-to-six weeks, but that doesn't leave as much free time as their schedule would suggest.

"A lot of people think we just arrive the day before an event. But every day there's a few hours of work to do, collecting mail, doing art-work – we organize pretty much everything ourselves. The bigger the club gets, the more work it becomes. I'm sure a lot of people think we're just making loads and loads of money. But you couldn't do a club like this just for money. Sometimes, when you're having loads of problems with

venues and the authorities, you really have to believe in what you're doing to get results.

"But it's kind of like going on stage and being a performer when you've created that kind of electric atmosphere and seen people's reactions to it. That makes it worthwhile."

For further information on future Torture Garden events contact  
BM: The Torture Garden, London  
WC1N 3XX

ADVERTISEMENT



CAN YOU SAY NO TO TRACI ? !!

Cher's love nurse Traci Lords and find that "Love Bites" is the sensual cover of Necronomicon, which Traci's very death is on the cover of "The Adventure of Tracy Dark" in issue 2.

Call this a warning to Boris Behlke, Francis, Sherlock Holmes, Spaghetti Westerns, Nazi films and even C. S. Lewis have subverted the pages of Necronomicon as horror, art and the occult. (Covers by the artist's own hand)

60 glossy pages each issue & full colour cover.

"Intelligent, glossy and impossible to pronounce, Necronomicon is a must for anyone interested in blood, bondage and B movies." (Helen South, Producer of The Little Picture Show)

"Necronomicon is definitely one of the few examples of intelligent fanzine writing. We are saved!" (Tony Burgeon)

"A genuinely disturbing emanation from the darkside... I still can't decide whether it's brilliant or immoral!" (Simon Price, Melody Maker)

"Black's book of the damned, forbidden film law, secret cinema and dead things amongst it. Read and destroy!" (Richard Stables)

Order direct from:  
15 Jubilee Road, NEWTON ABBOT  
Dorset, TQ12 1LB England  
(Issue 1 £2.20 inc. p&h)  
(Issues 2 & 3 @ £3.20 inc. p&h)  
Cheques payable to: AG Black





# publish and be DAMNED

from the printing press to the pages of **DIVINITY**

After ten years of false starts, John Martin's **THE SEDUCTION OF THE GULLIBLE** has finally appeared, with immaculate timing. In fact, the publication date was one day after the dreadful judge in the Bulger trial set the censorial wheels in motion once again. With that in mind, Martin's book takes on an important new role, that of a reminder of how common sense can be swept aside, and freedom of expression curtailed by a lurid press campaign and deliberate misinformation being spread by interested parties.

The book is split into two sections. The first reviews in turn each of the films that could be found at some point on the Director of Public Prosecutions list of banned films. These include all your old favourites—**CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST**, **I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE**, **THE DRILLER KILLER**, **SS EXPERIMENT CAMP** and so on. There are also the oddities **DEAD AND BURIED**, **TME FUNHOUSE**, **I MISS YOU**, **HUGS AND KISSES**, **TERROR EYES**, **VISITING HOURS** and other (relatively) mainstream and innocuous films that found themselves on the wrong end of a seizure warrant. Martin reviews these films with wit and wisdom, even if his opinions are occasionally questionable (notably his strange assertion that **THE DRILLER KILLER** is "loved by nobody", when in fact there is a great deal of admiration for this nihilistic movie). The second – and more important – half of the book is a chronology of the unsavoury history of video censorship. From the first murmurings of discontent in 1982, through the mass hysteria that followed, the disgraceful hounding of **THE EVIL DEAD** (continually seized and prosecuted, despite acquittal after acquittal), the Video Recordings Act, complaints about packaging, and finishing up with last year's

ANDY WARHOL'S FRANKENSTEIN



ludicrous "snuff" raids by Liverpool's Trading Standards officers.

Of course, any reprint of the book will now be expanded to take in the current flurry of outrage, but until that appears, this compulsive and inevitably infuriating volume is pretty essential. Read it and weep. Snap up your copy from On-Line Publishing, P.O. Box 134, West PDO, Nottingham, NG7 7BW. (Cheques/postal orders, for £11.99 inc p&p, to "On Line Publishing".)



Ursula Andress in **PRISONER OF THE CANNIBAL GOD**

**Frank Harris' MY LIFE AND LOVES** hasn't been seen in the UK for around thirty years, so the new edition from Colporteur Press is most welcome. This first volume of Harris' autobiography takes him from Ireland to England to America, and ends with him setting off for Europe and further adventures. During the book, he excels in school, becomes a cowhoy and a student, and generally blazes a trail across the lives of those fortunate enough to meet him. Or so he says – as an autobiography, the book is obviously not an unbiased account of his life.

What makes **MY LIFE AND LOVES** so renowned, though, are the loves, not the life. Harris set out to write a thoroughly honest story, and his way of doing this was to graphically describe all of his sexual experiences. These are written out in pornographic passages of enthusiasm, and are surprisingly frank (no pun intended) for their time and for the style of book that they appear in.

The non-erotic parts of the book are equally well written and compulsive, prospective readers will be relieved to know. Harris can certainly tell a good yam,

and the book rarely becomes even slightly tedious.

As erotic classics go, this is a worthy addition to anyone's collection.

**D**electus Books have finally published a follow-up to the marvellous **A GUIDE TO THE CORRECTION OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN. THE ROMANCE OF CHIATISEMENT** is rumoured to have been written by Algernon Swinburne (at least in part), and is presented here in a beautifully recreated facsimile of the original 1888 edition. As for the actual writing...It must be said that this is a very intense volume, not so much in terms of explicitness, but simply in style. This is definitely *not* a casual read. The prose is thick and heavy, and comes over as being very much of its time. As such, I fear that its appeal will be fairly limited. A pity, because it happens to be a potent, single-minded and unstintingly brutal ode to flagellation.

Fans of hidden Victoriana should contact Delectus (see ad elsewhere) for more information.

**B**ernard Noel's **THE CASTLE OF COMMUNION** was first published in France in 1969, where it caused a major scandal, and it's unsurprising. This short novel – while a work of literary skill – piles on images of sexual excess and deviation with wild abandon.

It tells the story of a man who finds himself on a remote island, where he is chosen to marry a beautiful girl. He later sets out to find a woman who lives on another island, and rules all the lands around her. This takes him on a journey of discovery, in which his mind and body are subjected to extremes of pain and pleasure, involving a frenzy of bestiality, homosexuality, mutilation, torture and death.

Noel's writing is intense, frantic, sometimes difficult but always compulsive. The story takes the reader on a psycho-delic sexual odyssey, twisting and turning the mind as it goes. It's a fascinating, demanding but ultimately satisfying experience.

The new Atlas Press edition is skilfully translated by Paul Buck and Glenda George, and also contains Noel's essay **THE OUTRAGE AGAINST WORDS**, which details the French governments' attempts to ban the novel as obscene.

**M**ONSTERS OF WEIMAR is the most recent True Crime volume from Nemesis Books, and covers the rampages of Fritz Haarman and Peter Kurten.

Haarman is written about by Theodor Lessing, who had studied "the werewolf" at the time, and his bloodthirsty killings and deviant psychology are captured well; Kurten is studied in precise – and sometimes rather too clinical – detail by George Godwin. To round things off, Paul Anthony Woods takes a look at the movies inspired by the two cases, **M and THE TENDERNESS OF THE WOLVES**.

Both stories are fascinating and horrific studies of psychosis and blood lust, and it is interesting to read the original case histories for the first time. Neither are particularly well written, but manage to capture the madness of it all nonetheless. A chilling collection, and another Nemesis winner.

**F**or some reason, there are not many fetish magazines published in America. Sure, there's a glut of heavy bondage porno books, but little along the lines of <<O>> or **SECRET. FANTASY FASHION DIGEST** is one of the few exceptions. Issue Two follows the classic format, with articles on Boston's B&D Ball, high heels, dressing for sex (interviews with assorted fetishists), and – of course – page after page of advertisements. The highlight here, though, is a piece on top porn kitten Porsche



Porsche Lynne in FANTASY FETISH

Lynne, complete with a hot and tasty set of pix. Cover price is \$9.95, and the address to write to is P.O. Box 9500, Palm Springs, CA 92263, USA.

**S**ORTILEGE is the latest fetish magazine to emerge from Europe, this time hailing from France. Like Britain's **FETISH TIMES**, it's printed on something only one step up from toilet paper, but has just enough eye-catching items to warrant possible further investigation. There's the severe bondage art of Alain Vandenbosch, the crass torture art of Georges Pichard, some dodgy comic strip, the usual round of "true confessions" (all text in French of course) and a bunch of interesting photography, unfortunately ruined by the rather-too-dark printing. There's potential here, but at the moment, the magazine is simply too anonymous to stand out from the pack. Given another issue or two, **SORTILEGE** will no doubt either put up or shut up. £3.00 from CP 91, 189 rue d'Aubervilliers, 75886 Paris cedex 18, France.

**B**LUE BLOOD is a new goth/punk/horror/fetish/porn magazine! If that isn't enough to convince you that there really is something for all the family in this one, how about articles on body piercing, horror writer Poppy Z. Brite and smart drinks, lots of strange fiction and a bunch of semi-hardcore photo-spreads. Sounds cool? Well, on the whole, it is. As with all new mags, there is a vague lack of direction at the moment, but generally, it looks good, reads well and is worth tracking down. You need to subscribe – £22.00 will fix you for a year. Write to Cyberjunk BLT, 3 Calabar Court, Gaithersburg, MD 20877, USA.

DAVID FLINT



BLUE BLOOD



2000 MANIACOS

**A**ll along the beautiful Ramblas running through the heart of old Barcelona, dozens of newsagents and bijou sex shops proffer SM publications and porno publications galore. One extremely handy pro-zine finished to very high standards and weighing in at around 120 A5 pages is **2000 MANIACOS**.

Spanish hard-core film life is fulsome and easy going and the magazine notches up an impressive series of pieces on a wide variety of movies and erotic auteurs.

Naturally, all of this is written in Spanish and is mostly impossible to follow. But what can be made out amongst the features is the impressive standard of enthused research, analysis and access to a variety of material that no other American or European publication seems able to match.

Issue thirteen, dating from Summer 1993, takes in a wonderful range of interviews and reviews: illustrated pieces on Hypatia Lee, Linda Lovelace, Russ Meyer, Ron Jeremy, Tori Welles, a wide variety of new video product and an extended interview with that master of gross ceremonies – The **WATERPOWER** Man! Gerard Damiano. This last piece is most interesting and it's a huge pity that there seems to be no way of coming up with an English language version of this great mag. It seems that Damiano's masterpiece – voted so by a range of the mag's critics – is **THE STORY OF JOANNA** (1975), based on **THE STORY OF O** but apparently an SM classic up there with **THE PUNISHMENT OF ANNE**.

Incidentally, the Spanish critics and director's polls come up with the following all time recommendations:

**DEVIL IN MISS JONES, THE STORY OF JOANNA, BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR, TEN LITTLE MAIDENS, DEEP THROAT, PRIVATE AFTERNOONS OF PAMELA MANN, CHEEKS 2, EDUCATING MANDY, HOUSE OF DREAMS, SATANIC INFERNO, THE OPENING OF MISTY BEETHOVEN, EDWARD PENIS-IIANDS, LOVE BITES**

**2000 MANIACOS** is a tantalisingly smart piece of work which fulfils its remit to the maximum. No Spanish holidaymaker should be without a copy.

(2000 Maniacos: c/o Manuel Valencia, Apdo. 5251, 46009 Valencia, Spain)  
**SAL VOLATILE**

## SEX HAVENS OR, WHORE & PIECE – Dr. William G. Hill

Originally to be titled "Sex Havens For Tax Fiends", this weighty tome gives the lowdown on worldwide lowlife for the seriously wealthy and hopelessly depraved...definitely *not* a book for Born Again Christians or Puritans!

**SEX HAVENS..** is carefully tailored to the author's concept of the "PT" (Perpetual Traveller) market – 45+ **FINANCIAL TIMES** readers who have "made it" and can now afford the luxury of spending their time travelling the world in search of sexual delcetation. This shamelessly chauvinist and predominantly heterosexual guide, written from an exclusively male viewpoint, hits the spot perfectly listing the best whore houses, clubs, bars, saunas, dungeons, etc, exposing all the number one paradises where dangerously young girls go crazy over fat, middle-aged halding foreigners.

Not surprisingly, particular reference is given to their most favourite haunts of Brazil, the Philippines, Thailand, and the apparently up-and-coming countries Costa Rica and the Dominican republic (Dominicans do it dirtier!). **SEX HAVENS...** will tell you where to get a Filipina Virgin; how to buy a Thai bride, where to find a knickerless coffeshop and male prostitutes along with priceless information on over twenty countries giving addresses, phone numbers, transport, accommodation, restaurants, etc. Each entry includes explicit accounts of the author's personal experiences in

smouldering fleshpots around the globe. Not all countries are recommended, with North Korea given the smallest entry: "Don't even consider it – you won't get a visa, and you won't want one either."

The morals of the book are decidedly "loose", delighting in the fact that thirty per cent of all the prostitutes in Recife (Brazil) are said to be between twelve and sixteen, and there is more than a whiff of trying to justify third world exploitation by claiming that many of the poor girls actually enjoy servicing rather unsavoury balding men!

The only let-down in this fascinating curiosity is the poorly researched "Resource List", giving only a handful of useful contacts, the author even failing to list Delectus Books.

If you can't afford to be a "PT", then this book is ideal for the voyeur or armchair traveller who can fantasise about decadent brothels in the jungles of darkest Brazil from the comfort of the living room.

The publishers claim that the book is selling like "ice cubes in Hell", which leaves me thinking: what are their poor wives doing while the husbands are away "perpetually travelling"?

Available exclusively by mail order from Scope International, 62 Murray Road, Waterlooville, Hants, PO4 9JL, priced £60 inc. P&P.

**MICHAEL GOSS**

## CLASSIFIEDS

**Female sought 18 - 40, slim submissive and compliant, to share/enjoy a disciplined life; possibly SM slave duties. I'm male, 46, understanding, strong-willed, strict, totally genuine. Beginners nurtured, helped. Discretion guaranteed. Reply to: DPB2/301, Divinity, P.O. Box 108, Stockport, Cheshire, SK1 4DD.**

**Replying to classifieds:** write the DPB code on the envelope in order for your reply to be forwarded.

Classified advertising in **DIVINITY** is simple and cheap! For a mere £2.50/\$5.00, you can have a thirty word ad inserted in the next issue. Extra words are just 25p/50c each. Contact ads can include a photograph at no extra charge! If you require a box number, enclose 2x first class stamps/2 IRCs for forwarded mail.

# shock system CINEMA

the **DIVINITY** guide to underground film and video

## MY SWEET SATAN

Time to eat humble pie. In the past, I've been less than complimentary about the work of Jim Van Bebber. I felt that he was a no-hoper who had managed to build up a cult following without actually doing anything. After all, most of Van Bebber's work consists of show-reels and trailers for unfilmed movies that he's trying to finance. He appeared to be a buffoon, shooting a few minutes of bloodthirsty rubbish and hawking around the world's film festivals to the acclaim of easily-pleased gore-pups.

To a degree, it's true. Van Bebber *did* gain a following without making any movies. But on the basis of his short film **MY SWEET SATAN**, he may well be a director to watch.

Not that this is a perfect film - far from it. But it does have a style and impact that could, if harnessed properly, go a long way. Loosely based on real events, **MY SWEET SATAN** follows the adventures of a bunch of wasted nobodies. America's drug and metal inspired youth who turn to Satanism in the pathetic hope that it will make them into somebodies. After one of these cretins steals some cash from their "leader" Ricky (played by Van Bebber himself), the scene is set for violent retribution. A few days later, at a drug session in the woods, Ricky knives this unfortunate to death, screaming at him to "say you love Satan!". The film ends with Ricky's cell suicide.

Van Bebber handles this with considerable flair, and just about manages the difficult task of developing his characters and the story sufficiently for the film to work in its brief running time. And there are impressive moments, from the suicide itself, through a graphic nipple piercing, to the brutal murder. But Van Bebber stumbles on his portrayal of the characters. I can't help feeling that he



CIRCUM DELECTUS

actually admires these assholes; certainly, the film seems to want to show Ricky as being cool. Perhaps Van Bebber simply isn't a good enough director yet to be able to have the characters think of themselves as great people, yet show them up as jerks.

My other problem with the film is the climax of the murder, when Ricky's metal head buddy joins in, pulping the victims head beneath his boot. It's a shame that Van Bebber couldn't resist the temptation to throw in a completely gratuitous splatter scene. The mindless gore simply detracts from the power of the graphic but realistic killing. It smacks of desperation - the director hedging his bets and including a shot guaranteed to get the gorehounds cheering at film festivals.

These doubts aside, **MY SWEET SATAN** shows much promise. With more practice at curbing his excesses, Van Bebber might yet make a movie that will shake the world.

## ROBERT KERBER

Robert Kerber is a German film maker whose short video films deal with the horrors of the flesh in a non-narrative, experimental way.

The four films that I have seen to date form a series of sorts. **ICII UND ICII - LUX INTERIOR** opens with a heavy metal backed strobe flash, revealing a naked man crouched in the corner. His penis is hidden between his thighs, a suggestion of androgeny heightened by the vaginal hole in his stomach (ala **VIDEODROME**). He fingers the hole as he pulls on his now visible penis, then inserts a power drill into the unnatural orifice.

**LUX INTERIOR II** sees a figure attached to a brain machine, while another inserts lit matches between his toes, fingers and in the end of his penis. In **LUX INTERIOR III WIEDERGEBOURT DER LICHT MADONNA**, a woman sits her wrists in a bathroom. The man enters, slices a layer of skin from her throat, and



CIRSIUM DELECTUS

proceeds to stroke, fondle and lick it.

The final film, *EXODUS* takes the theme of self-mutilation to its natural conclusion. The man engages on a series of acts that damage the body. He places his head in a gas oven, his hand in boiling water, a fishhook in his mouth (and then violently pulls it out), and cuts off his ear. Each act sees an addition to a display of body parts.

Kerber's films are intriguing and unsettling. There is an unhealthy obsession at work here, and one who knows how to transfer his deviant ideas to the screen effectively, despite an obvious lack of money (the films have been edited on a domestic VCR). He seems to be a filmmaker to watch - but possibly from a distance.

## CIRSIUM DELECTUS

Richard Baylor, who's collection *THE RIGHOLY TRINITY* was reviewed in an earlier *DIVINITY*, returns with a bang!

Based loosely on the case of "The Sunset Slayer" Douglas Clark, *CIRSIUM DELECTUS* tells of the bizarre relationship that forms between Carol (Lisa Correll) and Richard (Richard Munn), after she picks him up hitch-hiking. When he finds that he has nowhere to stay, she offers him her spare room, which he accepts happily. However, when he picks up a girl and takes her back, Carol flips. Recovering her senses, she persuades him to stay for one last meal. Unbeknown to him, it is

drugged, and while he is unconscious, she takes "compromising" pictures of him with an under-age girl. Now, she has him in her power, which is bad news for him. Cruising the streets, they pick up a prostitute, who Carol tells Richard to screw; during sex, Carol kills the girl. But for Richard, the nightmare is just beginning...

*CIRSIUM DELECTUS* is a magnificent achievement for Baylor, who has created a tightly woven tale of sexual obsession and madness. It's no mean feat for a director

used to ten minute shorts to make a movie that is forty five minutes long (about the length of a US TV show) on a minuscule budget, but Baylor handles it with deceptive ease. His direction is assured and fluid, and his treatment of the story shows an admirable restraint, without holding back on the more lurid elements of the story. So yes, there is sex (surprisingly raunchy) and violence, but it never threatens to overwhelm the plot - rather, it remains an integral part of the film.

Sunset Slayer Douglas Clark has proclaimed his innocence, saying that he was set up by his kill-partner Carol Bundy, and Baylor takes a "what if he's telling the truth?" approach here. As such, the film is a provocative and daring look at how the truth can be manipulated, and also makes a telling statement about how easy it is for a woman to get away with murder, thanks to society's belief that women are non-violent.

With a brooding score from artists including Costes and Whiteslug to build the atmosphere, and a cast who handle their roles well (once you get used to the English accents, always a shock in an underground movie), *CIRSIUM DELECTUS* is far and away Baylor's finest work to date.



CIRSIUM DELECTUS

# KERN MOVING FILM

Critique by **David Flint**

*"I've tried it all; crime thrills, drug thrills, sex thrills. But nowadays I get most of my thrills by offending people with my films."*

**RICHARD KERN**

**R**ichard Kern's films have been consistently offending people for the last decade. First coming to public attention via collaborations with Lydia Lunch and through his video for Sonic Youth's **DEATH VALLEY '69**, Kern – and his Death Trip production label – was a leading light in the Cinema of Transgression that formed the second New York Underground movement in the mid-Eighties.

Although **THE RIGHT SIDE OF MY BRAIN** saw a brief UK release on video,

his work has remained officially unavailable in Europe. Of course, bootleg copies of most of the films have been doing the rounds for several years, but the only official showings have been at film festivals and cinema clubs such as the much-missed Scala in London. However, the whole Death Trip Films catalogue has now been issued on two tapes by Essa Distribution of Germany.

The **FILMS FROM THE DEATH TRIP** are: volume one – **THE MANHATTAN LOVE SUICIDES, THE RIGHT SIDE OF MY BRAIN, DEATH VALLEY '69, YOU KILLED ME FIRST, SUBMIT TO ME** and **NAZI**, and volume two – **SUBMIT TO ME NOW, FINGERED, KING OF SEX, PIERCE, THE EVIL, CAMERAMAN, X=Y, SCOOTER AND JINX, TUMBLE,**

**CATHOLIC SIN** and **NAZI 2**. They can be roughly split into two distinct types (with a couple of overspills), narrative and non-narrative.

It's the former which make up most of the early titles. **FINGERED** is not only Kern's best film, but also remains the Cinema of Transgression's finest half-hour. This is a tight, mean, sleazy, horny and ultimately nihilistic road movie, with Lydia Lunch as a down 'n' dirty whore and Marty Nations as her scumbag john. Opening with Lydia chastising "baby" Emilio Cubenio on the phone ("give Mommy the fucking credit card number, Joey"), the film rapidly descends into a form of anti-porn, the grainy black and white photography adding to the feeling of decay. After some aggressive and explicit sexual activity between Lunch and Nations, they hit the



road, bitching, fighting, raping and killing. It's gritty, brutal, hard-edged and stunning. And it set the standards for a generation of Kern wannabes, none of whom could match it.

Lydia also appears in **THE RIGHT SIDE OF MY BRAIN**, which is very much her own project, working through a typically acerbic Lunch monologue as she engages in various sex acts on screen. This includes explicit fellatio, which is probably why the UK release was rather short lived.

The other Kern films with a Lunch connection are **DEATH VALLEY 69**, his gory recreation of the Sharon Tate killings for Sonic Youth's musical meeting with Lydia, and the two **SUBMIT TO ME** films. These are definitely part of Kern's latter interest in non-narrative visual excess, Lunch joining a cast of transgressors who indulge in wild bondage, sex, mutilation and torture, to the accompaniment of the Butthole Surfers, Foetus, Thurston Moore and others.

Many of the most renowned names of the New York underground appear in these films. Karen Finley can be seen alongside Lung Leg in **YOU KILLED ME FIRST**, a brief tale of teenage alienation. Nick Zedd makes a few appearances, often indulging his transsexual fetish – in **THRUST IN ME** (part of **THE MANHATTAN LOVE SUICIDES**) he plays both male and female characters, and – through the wonders of special effects – gives himself a blow-job! In **KING OF SEX**, Zedd again takes on a female persona.

Kern also utilizes the talents of Clint Ruin, Henry Rollins, Tommy Turner, Cassandra Stark and others in his films. In **PIERCE**, a documentary-of-sorts, he films Audrey Rose having her nipples pierced. This looks *extremely* painful – anyone thinking of doing the same should avoid seeing this short until after the event!

Two of the slightest, yet most entertaining films are **NAZI** and **NAZI 2**. Both films are in fact more or less the same – the delightful Annabelle appears on screen in Nazi regalia, then proceeds to perform an inspirational striptease. Political Correctness be hanged, there's something fetching about gorgeous girls in SS officer's outfits, and this is pretty inspiring (albeit in a totally sexist way).

An essential purchase for anyone interested in underground film, the two Death Trip collections can be obtained from Essa Distribution, P.O. Box 1621, 25806 Husum, Germany. They guarantee

UK delivery, so you have nothing to lose but your innocence.

Recently, Kern has been concentrating his efforts of photography, building up an

impressive portfolio of powerfully erotic pictures. Over the next few pages, **DIVINITY** offers an exclusive selection of his finest work.



*Divinity Seden*

# KERNSTILLFILM

---

Photographs by **Richard Kern**



*Page Forty*









# THE KERKHOF VIEW

Ian Kerkhof unique look at recent cinema releases

## INDECENT PROPOSAL

There's one great moment in INDECENT PROPOSAL.

Demi Moore, costing the "well known pool-hound" and multi-billionaire Robert Redford a cool million dollars for a night of good, loveless sex ("It's only my body, not my head or my heart" Demi whinges to her sulking spouse), is whisked away from Las Vegas on a private helicopter to a private yacht where an exquisite Comme de Garçon outfit is waiting for her to slip into.

Then Redford shows her the ship and would you believe who he's got to play the cocktail hour tunes, none other than Herbie Hancock. This moment is ecstatic. The camera, and Demi, and Robert, just glide past Herbie, literally ignoring him. He's only on-screen for about ten seconds. The point is made. The Redford character isn't just rich enough to afford Herbie, he's rich enough not to even notice him.

The film's production values mirror this point perfectly. The camera does exactly what Redford does. The filmmakers are at one with their ostensible antagonist.

Herbie looks up as Bob and Demi pass him, his smile as unctuous and blandly likeable as Oscar Peterson's, whose composition **NIGHT TIME** he is playing. This moment crystallises the film. Lyne's legendary Seventies fast cut-away style commercials find their glorious apotheosis here. This slick in-joke works but it works outside of the narrative. Ninety-nine percent of the film's audience will simply see a benign Uncle Tom pianist. This scene reeks of a "clever touch" that puts its authors above their material. Lyne is telling the cognoscenti that he is aware that the film is banal, but he's giving those less educated folk out there what they want. He's slumming.

It's not just that I was offended at seeing the Maiden Voyage man humbling himself by doing the arpeggio routine, but the scene



INDECENT PROPOSAL

is so damn good, so absolutely right at capturing the banal cleverness of these monied types (Of course a billionaire is going to hire Herbie Hancock for his evening ivories, who did you expect, Cecil Taylor??) I couldn't help feeling really sad at the fact that they just don't care about doing anything more. What's awful about the self-consciously applied intelligence of this scene is that it very definitely is intelligent.

Everybody on this project is capable of better, and whatever price they're selling themselves for it comes off simply as cheap.

The cynicism exuded by the Hancock scene is multiplied when later on Demi's architect hubby gives a spiel about how even a brick has aspirations (to be part of a good building as it turns out). The script writers let the poor chump win Demi back from the billionaire because it makes good business sense; there are a lot more chumps out there than billionaires! And they get

him to say: "I used to think he was a better man than me, but it's not true. He's just got more money."

Money is what this film is all about. The central image is of Demi lying on a water bed in a tacky Vegas hotel room while her better half throws piles of green at her. "Come here" she demands, rolling around in the aphrodisiac that fuelled this entire project.

Herbie Hancock doing an Oscar Peterson routine would have been cute, maybe even wry, in something by the Abrahams-Zucker gang (like when Charlie and Martin Sheen yell "loved you in Wall Street" during the **APOCALYPSE NOW** spoof in **NOT SHOTS PART DEUX**). The way Adrian Lyne does it merely rankles. He's so damned superior. He doesn't expect audiences to "get it". He talks down to them. And *that's* Indecent.

## IN THE LINE OF FIRE

“We’re just window dressing” is how Clint Eastwood – the hero of **IN THE LINE OF FIRE** – ironically describes the two thousand bodyguards who are in the service of protecting the president of the USA from assassination attempts and other threats to his life. Similarly the one hundred and twenty five female bodyguards are just “window dressing” – there for the sake of feminist demographics at election time.

This splendid thriller cannily interrogates the maudlin nostalgia surrounding the ever popular Kennedy administration. The John Malkovich bad guy puts the question to Clint: if Kennedy was such a good guy why did he let you take the rap when his girlfriends were caught on the premises with their panties down? Eastwood’s gruelling physical exertions throughout the film serve to adumbrate the exorbitantly painful re-think of the immediate past that the movie is really about.

Since the Kennedy assassination a veritable sub-canon of films has been formed which focus on the military-industrial complex’s attempt to undermine the “democratic tradition”. These films are generally resolved with the plot being uncovered and thwarted in the nick of time and the “traditional values” reinstated more solidly than ever. A classic example of this sort of film is **ALL THE PRESIDENTS’ MEN** which enjoyed the dubious resonance of being based on the real thing: Nixon’s impeachment being a major public relations victory for the right who could claim that only in a properly functioning democracy could a president get impeached in the first place.

After Nixon a systematic scouring of this genre took place and its concerns were transformed into the wildly xenophobic “investigative” pieces like **MISSING** and **MIDNIGHT EXPRESS** which postulated a world where anyone who wasn’t tall, blonde and blue-eyed was bound to be corrupt, stupid and sexually perverse.

The decline of the adult oriented American cinema in the eighties went hand in hand with an apparent vanishing of these superficially paranoid teasers.

**IN THE LINE OF FIRE** won’t, however, herald a generic mini-comeback, because unlike the brashly posturing JFK or X, it’s a film that wears its politics up its sleeve. The sting in this tale’s tail however is not – as in **THE CANDIDATE** – that

“our man” gets corrupted by the system; but rather that “our man” is mature and wise enough to recognize that the system was always corrupt, and hence he is strong enough to “never again let his work come between him and a woman”. Significantly the politics that Eastwood chooses to confront as the film ends are those of the bedroom. It’s a snappy, uplifting ending, that tastes good after the rigorous run around that the film gives the senses.

I was lucky enough to attend an extremely rare screening of the 1979 Straub/Huillet classic **DALLA NUBE ALLA RESISTENZA** in the same week that I saw **IN THE LINE OF FIRE** and was struck by a number of similarities. Both of these films deal with the atrocity of remembering an assassination. Both films deal with how we legislate and codify this memory of an atrocity as “history”. Both films are critical of this history, they demand from us that at the very least we revise (see again) our version of the past that so evidently determines the present. Both films are about people wounded by a moment (the Kennedy assassination in **IN THE LINE OF FIRE**, the Italian communist/fascist civil war in **DALLA NUBE ALLA RESISTENZA**).

Both films are brilliantly edited and intriguingly composed. Both films are witty and surprisingly sexy.

Sitting breathless in Amsterdam’s Rialto with five others (one of whom who left midway) it struck me as intolerable and absurd that a film as thrilling as **DALLA NUBE ALLA RESISTENZA** should be so peripheralised by its “difficult” formal strategies that its single screening (the first for years and years) in a world cultural centre should be only attended by six people. Perhaps it is true as, Straub claims, that the senses one needs to find his films “sensual” have been systematically wiped out during the post-war period.

This of course leads us back to the military-industrial complex, because it is obviously in its interests and its interests alone to have us de-sensitised: that way we won’t complain when they send us off to get butchered, or do the butchering.

Malkovich puts this point across beautifully in **IN THE LINE OF FIRE** when he says to Clint: “it’s not about winning or losing, it’s just the game, it’s all we know”.



## THE BEST OF 1993

**Best Film:** **THE BAD LIEUTENANT** – Abel Ferrara – USA.

Harvey Keitel’s redemption in the closing scene of this extraordinarily sleazy policier places it in the league of Dreyer’s **ODET**.

**Best Director:** Robert Altman for **SHORT CUTS** – USA.

His exquisite control and elan in juggling umpteen sub-plots is delightful to watch and really deserves the epithet “masterful”.

**Best Actor:** Huang Zangluo in **FOR FUN** – Ning Ying – China.

One of only two professional actors in a large cast of amateurs, Zangluo’s portrayal of janitor Han in his retirement is one of the most surely-observed character studies of old age in the cinema. An instant classic to be filed between Ozu’s **TOKYO STORY** and Kurosawa’s **IKIRU**.

**Best Actress:** Nora in **LES HISTOIRES D’AMOUR FINISSANT MAL EN GENERAL** – Anne Fontaine – France.

The role of second generation beurette Zina provides actress Nora with a chance to explore the infinite complexities of the love triangle with commendable sensitivity. Alternately endearing, deceitful, light-hearted and wicked – she is always ruthlessly believable in a debut film by a young Portuguese-born director whose second work will be eagerly awaited by fans of the Rohmeresque.

**Best Script:** Atom Egoyan for **CALENDAR** – Atom Egoyan – Canada.

This was the first Egoyan that really touched me. A slight, almost frail little film of immense tenderness, the honesty with which he reveals his insights into jealousy and insecurity is bruising.

**Best Cinematography:** Jun Kurosawa for **NEKO-MIMI** – Jun Kurosawa – Japan.

One of the most beautifully lit films of recent years, **NEKO-MIMI** stood tall in a year when the “art cinema” was literally drowned in the kitsch aesthetics evident in such dross as **BLEU** and **THE PIANO**.

**Best Editing:** Bettina Bohler for **TERROR 2000 INTENSIVSTATION DEUTSCHLAND** – Christoph Schlingensief – Germany.

Phenomenal visual pacing at breakneck tempo sustains this eighty minutes of



**MENACE II SOCIETY**

hysteria at volume ten all the way. If you could imagine Lindsay Anderson's **BRITANIA HOSPITAL**, edited by Z-period Costa Gavras, with the attitude of **DRITTE GENERATION** Fassbinder and the styling by Russ Meyer then you might just have some idea of how wild this film is. Christoph Schlingensiefel is a Hans Jürgen Syberberg for splatter freaks.

**Best Documentary: IJET IS EEN SCHONE DAG GEWEEST** – Jos de Putter – Netherlands.  
She directed and starred in the best Dutch

film of 1992, and she edited the best Dutch film of 1993: Nathalie Alonso-Casale should be the name in every Dutch producer's cheque book in 1994.

**Best Short Film: DIE SCHWARZE SONNE** – Johannes Hammel – Austria and **SMAKELIJK ETEN** – Maarten Koopman – Netherlands.  
Both of these films blew me away. **SONNE** is a technical marvel that captures Samuel R. Delaney's drug-induced decadence perfectly while **ETEN** made me feel like a child again.

**Best Debut Film: MENACE II SOCIETY** – The Hughes Brothers – USA.

These guys are going to be as huge in the cinema as Snoop Doggy Dog is in hip hop.

**Tip for 1994:** Wladyslaw Pasikowski. Born in 1959, he studied Civilization at Lodz University. Graduated from Lodz Film Academy in 1989. His first feature film **KROLL** was awarded the Golden Lion at the 1991 Gdansk Film Festival. His second feature film **PSY (THE PIGS)** was also awarded the Golden Lion. Currently shooting **PSY 2**, this tough director is obviously headed for Hollywood. **PSY** is as mean and brutal a political thriller as has ever been made. Pasikowski's unflinching glimpse into the nightmare of post-communist Poland rejects the possibility of a Eressonian redemption in its splendid closing scene. For lovers of the hard cinema who were let down by John Woo's risibly naesynchroniseerd **HARD TARGET**, this is the real goods.

**Most memorable single shot of 1993:** The image of people risking their lives running across a sniper bullet peppered street in order to attend the cinema in Johan van de Keuken's short film **SARAJEVO FILM FESTIVAL FILM 1993**.

## COMPETITION TIME!!

**E**lectric Pictures have supplied us with three copies of Peter Greenaway's **THE BABY OF MACON** to give away. And as if that wasn't enough, we'll be throwing in a CD soundtrack, courtesy of Koch International, with each one! To win this splendid offering, simply answer the following laughably simple questions:

1. Which film saw Mia Farrow give birth to the son of Satan?
2. Name Peter Greenaway's first feature film.

Send your entries to the Divine Press address no later than May 30th.  
Good luck!



# LOVING THE DEAD

---

**David Flint** looks at **RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD III**  
and **Stephen Cremin** talks to its creator, Brian Yuzna

**B**rian Yuzna first caused cinema audiences to sit up and pay attention with his directorial debut, **SOCIETY**, in 1989. This bizarre story of class warfare and teenage alienation was unlike anything that even the most jaded splatter buff had seen before – a suspenseful conspiracy story that slowly built up the paranoia before culminating in an extravagant orgy sequence, where the incestuous upper classes slimed, glopped and oozed into each other, whilst consuming hapless members of the proletariat! Wowing festival audiences worldwide, the film seemed to mark the beginning of a great career. However, things didn't quite work out that way. After co-writing and producing Disney's smash-hit family film **HONEY I SHRUNK THE KIDS**, Yuzna directed his second film, **BRIDE OF RE-ANIMATOR**, the sequel to Stuart Gordon's darkly comic gorefest. The first film had been produced by Yuzna, so it seemed to be natural progression for him to direct the sequel, a much darker film than the original, and one which immediately split critics. For me, it was far superior to **RE-ANIMATOR**, which had always struck me as being a little *too* jokey. The sequel offered a surprisingly bleak vision, one which didn't sit comfortably with the **TOXIC AVENGER** lovers who by now made up much of the horror movie audience. Unfortunately, the film also saw Yuzna stepping onto the sequel treadmill.

As the horror market died and video took over as the prime source of income for low-budget films, so it became harder and harder to make original horror movies. Instead, film companies concentrated on producing sequels to any films that had enjoyed any degree of success on video. It soon became common-place to discover follow-ups to movies that you'd never even heard of. In this difficult market, Yuzna found himself



reduced to expanding the entirely-unseen-in-Britain Santa slasher series **SILENT NIGHT DEADLY NIGHT**. Yuzna made part four, but could take solace that part three had been shot by acclaimed filmmaker Monte Hellman (director of **TWO LANE BLACKTOP**), showing that even the best of directors could be reduced to churning out by-the-numbers follow-ups.

Yuzna's latest film is also a sequel. **RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD III** doesn't sound too inspiring; a follow-up to a reasonable spoof of (and unofficial sequel to) George Romero's **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**, and its rancid second part wasn't exactly the film we'd been holding our breath for. But Yuzna beats the odds brilliantly, producing a highly original movie that is a sequel in name only, and which wipes the floor with both of the predecessors.

**RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD III** is, beneath the gore and violence, a tragic love story. Curt and Julie are two teenage lovers, who sneak into the top secret military base where Curt's father works, in order to find out what is going on there. Julie is sure that animal experiments are in progress, but the reality is even worse. Curt's father is part of a team investigating the idea of using the revived dead as bio-

weapons. Later, after a row with his father (who disapproves of Julie), Curt leaves home with her, but his motorcycle crashes, and she is killed. Unable to accept his girlfriend's death, Curt takes the body to the base, and uses the re-animating gas (the only hangover from the first film) to bring her back. Unfortunately, she now has a craving for human flesh – a craving which can only be controlled by pain. It's this pain that caused the film so many censorship problems in America, resulting in seventeen separate cuts before the "R" rating was achieved. Julie pierces her body with bits on metal and broken glass, slices open her flesh and generally indulges in the ultimate forms of scarification and body art. But even this cannot stop her urges for long...

Against the odds, Yuzna has created a minor classic. While the first two films in the series were black comedies, this is a sombre, relatively humourless affair, with a strong anti-military theme and a cold, downbeat ending. Inevitably, much has been made of the moment where the heavily pierced Julie first emerges, and this is an astonishing scene, the camera panning slowly up her body to reveal her heavily cut skin, pierced nipples and glass-embedded face. Stunning stuff! Similarly, flesh eating

zombies cause merry havoc throughout the film in a frenzy of explicit and grotesque moments (notably, the UK video version is the complete, uncut print). But the best parts of the film are the quiet moments of horror – Julie's realisation that she is dead, that she must eat human flesh to live, and that she cannot die even after trying to commit suicide are quite poignant moments, as are the scenes in the lab, where the zombies suddenly become sympathetic victims of scientific madness. This feeling of sympathy is helped considerably by indy Clarke's excellent performance as the doomed Julie.

**RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD III** turns out to be a joyous surprise – a powerful, intense and emotional film that deserves better than to be dismissed as yet another splatter sequel. By the same token, Yuzna shows here that he hasn't lost his touch, and it's to be hoped that he will be able to claw his way out of the sequel trough, and receive the acclaim he deserves. The horror genre needs him.

After the film's screening at the London Film Festival late last year, Stephen Cremin talked to director Yuzna. An articulate, intelligent individual, he discussed various themes that have cropped up throughout his film-making career.

## ON SOCIETY

"**SOCIETY** was reality-burlesque. I always told them they should sell it as a true story, because to me this is what's going on: the rich suck off the poor. And I think that's no big surprise, it's just a fun view of it."

## ON INCEST

"I think it's just a reflection of reality. All kids have to deal with the problem of incest. There's no way around it. It's just a natural part of life. I think that all kids are afraid of it, it's one of the greatest fears, because it's a taboo that even the fringes of society have supported. It's amazing. The true taboos are ones there's no controversy about and it's very typical for kids to be afraid of incest and I think that's one reason, for example, that teenagers have problems, or get into big fights with their parents when they start turning into puberty. It's one of the reasons why fellow siblings have horrible fights – especially between sisters and brothers. Part of it's just that they're all thrown together and there's competition



**// I THINK THE IDEA OF UPPER CLASSES INDULGING IN INCEST IS DOCUMENTED HISTORICALLY – THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT THAT."**





with the parents. There's another part to it I think that it's a function to separate, so that they don't allow the natural chemistry that's going on in their body to find an inappropriate outlet. And so it functions to deny us of that possibility. And I think we're very much afraid of it. And so in **SOCIETY** we very consciously showed this fear and of course in **SOCIETY** the joke was that everything he was afraid of was not only true but much worse than he ever could have been imagined. And I think the idea of upper classes indulging in incest is documented historically – there's no question about that. And that is one of the reasons I think that the upper classes tend to fail because the gene pool gets too limited, and so we dramatised that. And so that's what does happen, and they become become corrupt and depraved because of it. In fact, they needed to spike the breed with the lower classes which is the same way they breed dogs and horses; dogs who are overbred end up with these weird illnesses and they have to spike the breed with the mongrel. It's all part of breeding. That's why I say it's a true story. There's nothing out of the ordinary here – it's just that it's handled in a funny way."

## ON PLOT DEVICES/SEQUELS

"To do a sequel is sort of a no-win-situation. Luckily I really liked Dan O'Bannon's original, so I was happy to do that style: the idea of making these cartoon-type living dead operate within these genre rules. To make it a little bit different we made it a road movie and let the main character be a zombie, because that would change the dynamics so they wouldn't just be chased like they usually are. That became the interesting part of it to me."

## ON PARALLELS

"**RETURN [OF THE LIVING DEAD] III** is similar [to **SOCIETY**] in that it's about adolescents not getting along with their parents and getting in trouble because of it. I don't know that it's so much about a class thing. It's more about a father not approving of an independent lifestyle – the father doesn't approve of the girl. I guess there is a similarity in the sense that this kid is shocked by what his father's really up to. And I think all kids are. When you start growing pubic hair, you start understanding that your parents have these secrets. And it's shocking. You're right in a sense – I hadn't thought about it."

## ON LOVE STORIES

"I think most stories are love stories. I think love stories are one of the most dependable entertainments. In **RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD III**, the love story gives it an upbeat feel. It was an involving way to deal with a zombie. Maybe it's different, but I felt it was quite conventional: she could have been a drug addict. It didn't matter what her problem was, it was the same story."

## ON NUDITY

"You always want to have beautiful women in the movie. If you're going to have somebody naked it's usually easier to find someone who's already done that. It's not often that you find Mindy Clark, who is in **RETURN [OF THE LIVING DEAD] III**, who's enough of an actress. Usually you get to go to theatre actresses, that's what I like. Mindy didn't really do movies, but she'd done theatre. Usually what I find is that movie actresses in Hollywood generally, and this is a generalisation, are auditioning to be celebrities, not to be actors. They're interested in being in **PEOPLE** magazine, they're really not interested in acting. And when I find actors who do theatre, I feel that

they are people who are interested in acting. Because theatre doesn't have the rewards that film does, and it's an actor's medium. I'm impressed by what actors do when they can do it, and theatre actors are usually the best, because they really know how to create something in terms of personality. I think that Mindy Clark showed a great ability to make the role real. And when I find an actor or actress who won't be naked, I have to wonder whether they can do emotions, because it's much harder to be emotionally naked than it is physically naked. To be physically naked, you just have to be good looking. To be a man you have to be well hung. And if you're good looking you want to take off your clothes, because everybody's narcissistic to one degree or another.

"So to me, it's emoting that is so hard. To get an actress who can really strip herself bare, that's the tough part. If you have problems having someone see your nipples, believe me, you have problems showing your emotions. Unfortunately, most of the centrefold-type girls can't act very well. Devin [de Vasquez in SOCIETY] is not a great actress, she has a long way to go – of course, she's good looking. Actually, in RETURN [OF THE LIVING DEAD] III, there's a centrefold girl, Pia [Reyes]. She's great. She's got a way to go as an actress – she's lucky she didn't have a very demanding part, but potentially I think she can be very good."

## ON BODY ART

"I'd been wanting to deal with Modern Primitives for a long time, even back to a little movie I did, a sequel to SILENT NIGHT, DEADLY NIGHT. I hung a guy on hooks from his nipples in a meat locker – exactly like those performance artists who hang themselves by fish-hooks. I find that and body art to be really, really interesting. It's incredible, in the last two or three years, how popular piercing and tattooing have become – scarification much less. And even though I'm sort of past the time when I would do it, twenty years ago I wanted tattoos all over my face and such. I don't have any need anymore to do anything. There was a time in my life when I felt these impulses and that was before anybody did this, but I remember seeing pictures of these South Sea Islanders with these intricate block patterns. There's something that attracted me to this oneness with nature and wholeness and everything.

And now I'm very satisfied with being a secular citizen. I don't feel the need to act out anything, but I still have a great interest. Even on the movies I make, more and more of the crew is full of piercing. It used to be a guy with an earring, but now they have rings in their noses, on their lips; they have five on one ear; everybody's got these big block tattoos – the ones I like, with the big abstract patterns. I don't like the little pictures, I think that stuff's really diminishing. But I love the block stuff, the big bold pieces.

"We couldn't do tattooing because the story takes place in too short a time. So we went with the piercing and the scarification – although we couldn't get the scars, just the cuts. That was my biggest interest because it was a way to dramatise, to figure out, what I thought about it. And what I think is that it's a way of making an identity. I think that what is scary about zombies is that they are people without souls. And even though we're secular, we still believe in souls. And that's what we keep telling ourselves when we watch these kind of movies. We keep saying: "Gee, I'm a secular person. I'm not traditionally religious. And yet I believe that there is a soul. Otherwise there'd be nothing scary about a zombie whatsoever."

"So I thought that when somebody is piercing themselves or tattooing themselves, they're trying to make an identity. And I think that SM type activities, also, are very much about identity. And you get that all the time with people saying: "I can't feel". And that's what the zombies are so afraid of: that they can't feel anything. So they have to have lots of pain to feel. Or lose their identity. The dichotomy was set up that either love or pain would keep her from the hunger, from being just an animal and not having a soul. And to me that's real life because you see it all the time: people who aren't loved enough hurt themselves. They can either have love or pain. And I think we can even tie it up together in sadomasochistic sexual acts. It's like people having sex when they're looking for love.

"So to me, that's what was the best thing about the movie: dealing with that. And plus, the great thing about genre is: who gets to do that stuff? I got to make a girl that had all this stuff on this Christmas tree of piercing and have it make sense! And so the greatest time on that movie was her appearance. To finally reveal her was great, because I knew when we were doing this

A disembodied being from RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD III



that she was a classic image. No matter what happens with the movie, this is an image that would survive. It would be what I call a "clip image". I know that in ten or fifteen years when they do clips of all these genre movies, that's going to be one of them because it's so evocative. Even if the movie stinks they're going to take that."

## ON TV VERITÉ

"Right now the most popular midnight shows in the United States are the FACES OF DEATH series: simulations of actual killings that the audience thinks are real. And they go to challenge themselves to look at this stuff. It's a funny phenomenon. They also have these "reality shows" on TV in the States, like COPS. They make the audience think that they're watching something that's real when they've actually staged that stuff. But by taking the camera and not doing any cutting the audience buys it. I have a friend who directs a lot of them and he says: "God! Those are tough to direct because it's got to look real!"

## DEVIL THING

PRODUCTIONS  
EROTIC . PHOTO . ART



Contact  
MASTER WILLIAMS  
061 . 973 . 6491

# pleasure in RESTRAINT

the Genitorturers mix hard rock with heavy sexuality.  
Mark Day talks to Gen, body piercer, medical student and  
frontwoman for the most outrageous band in America

When I was really little I was obsessed with things which were mysterious and somewhat dangerous. I wanted to be a herpetologist and work with snakes because all my friends were scared of snakes. My nickname was the "Little Professor."

The Little Professor grew up to be Gen, the driving force behind Florida-based fetish-rock band the Genitorturers. She never did get to be a herpetologist, but when not employed as a fully qualified Tissue Retrieval Co-ordinator (basically, she removes eyes from corpses for transplant and other medical usage) or working at her body-piercing salon, the unashamedly articulate Gen fronts a band who's stage show has been known to involve live body piercings, enemas, sub/dom role playing and liberal quantities of hot wax.

On a recent visit to London, Gen became the first woman (to this hack's knowledge) to pierce her nipple live on television – midway through/late night chat show/ "Dial Midnight" (sadly restricted to the London region). Of course, rock 'n' roll is no stranger to outrage through fetishism – or at least the window dressings of leather, rubber and restraints. What sets Gen and the Genitorturers aside from the legions of American rock stars who court controversy by filling their videos with risqué extras from the local dungeon is a more, ahem, hands-on attitude to the sexually bizarre.

Says Gen, "It's better that someone who's at least educated in this is doing it. Rather than someone like Madonna, who is simply doing a lot of it for show and with a lack of substance. There's a great deal of substance to what we do."

Body piercing is a big part of the whole Genitorturers package.



"I enjoy decorating the body," explains Gen. "Decorating my own body and, as a piercer, providing a service to people to help them decorate theirs. It can be an expression of individuality, a way to customise the body. It's interesting,

y'know, anatomy varies, different people present you with different things (*quite! – Ed.*) and being a good piercer means more than making the hole. It's being someone who can choose the right jewellery for the right place in such a way to achieve the

desired effect, whether that be for decoration or to enhance one's sexuality."

If would-be hair-dressers have a hard time finding willing volunteers to practise on, how does a budding piercer convince someone that, while they've never actually pierced a nipple before, they're pretty sure they won't mess it up?

"I was lucky in that I had band members who were very trusting," says the singer. "For example my first nipple piercings on someone else were done back in '86 on a girl that was in the band. The part that came so easy was the fact that I was medically trained. It's important that you understand sterile techniques."

That's the wherefore, but what about "why"?

"I'm an only child. That's where a lot of my creativity comes from. As an only child you do have make believe friends, you do play dressing-up. You're allowed to be a bit weirder, maybe! I know that my parents had no one to compare me to. So they didn't know if all the kids my age were like this. They probably would have intervened if I had got into drugs, or some situation where I was harming myself. But I think they knew that I pretty much had it under control."

In fact, Gen takes a fiercely anti-drug stance.

"I saw so many negative sides of it so early. I lived in New Mexico, where my mother was teaching at the University and I remember being scared of all the hippies that were hanging out - they were all drugged up and fucked up and vomiting and stuff - just a very strong negative image. Later on, in High School, the people who were into drugs weren't intelligent people. They were very stupid people who were using it as a crutch because they had so many problems. I saw it as a sign of weakness."

As for an interest in weird sex, where did that come from?

"Well, what is weird sex? I definitely did a lot of experimenting on my own. I was not someone who went out and fucked the postman or anything like that!"

As a teenager were you going out on conventional dates or wrapped up in your own bizarre masturbatory fantasies?

"Well, more of the latter, definitely. I continue that to this day and hold that very sacred!" she laughs. "But my first sexual experiences were part of a very monogamous sexual relationship that I felt very comfortable in. So I think I got into



**“WHEN WE STARTED THE BAND I WOULD DO PIERCINGS ON MYSELF OR BONDAGE THINGS. I THINK THE FIRST PROP WE MADE OURSELVES WAS JUST A WOODEN “X” WITH CUFFS ON IT AND WE WOULD TAKE AUDIENCE MEMBERS AND PUT THEM ON IT.”**

weirder things sooner, because I was in a secure situation.

"At college I had become interested in the whole SM culture. I'd been practising a lot of these things on my own and with my

partner. But I didn't have much knowledge of a scene and truly there wasn't much of a scene except in the gay community. So the first way I learned more and more about it was through the gay community, reading



all these gay pmo mags that I was really turned on by. Y'know, I really like men a lot, so the idea of men fucking each other is very erotic to me. Just like some men say that watching two women turns them on, watching two men turns me on.

"So I started going to gay bars and meeting other people. But the amount of people I met who were into it and heterosexuals was really limited. One time, I picked up a card at a club that said, 'know your hot hankie colours', with a little code to tell you who was into what by the coloured bandannas. Left was dominant, right was passive, yellow for water sports... going down that it had purple for genitorture, and that was the first time I had seen that word. It seemed very fitting for a band name, seeing that my name is Gen, and I'm into piercing and genital piercing in particular."

Eventually, a number of parallel interests started to combine into an integrated concept.

"I was in bands, I was a musician, I played bass. I was into the punk thing in High School and I was into education. Then at College, you're away from your parents, you're really in your own world and that's when everything came together for me. I was studying really hardcore sciences – micro-biology, organic chemistry, physical chemistry – it was really, really rigorous and didn't allow for a lot of creativity. It's not like philosophy where you can sit down and think about what could have happened. So I started the band as a creative outlet, a hobby, because I wanted some artistic release."

Unlike most college-rock bands, this turned into more than more than a temporary distraction, as involved, Gen was intent on taking things a few steps further.

"From the start I knew I didn't want it to just be a band, I wanted it to be more visual. I always felt when I went to see bands that there was an element that was kind of missing. So when we started the band I would do piercings on myself or bondage things. I think the first prop we made ourselves was just a wooden "X" with cuffs on it and we would take audience members and put them on it. We just relied on interaction with the audience for a stage show."

The Genitorturers evolved though a number of different line-ups, with various Florida musicians orbiting round Gen's central role. These days, the band provide

a suitably dark, dynamic, metallic soundtrack to Gen's outré activities. But, despite the release of their fashionably fetishistic debut album (**120 YEARS OF GENITORTURE** on Music For Nations), most have focused, understandably, on the band's cutting-edge stage show.

Does the musical element really matter?

"Rock 'n' roll has always attempted to be very sexual," says Gen. "There are times when it has been and there are times when it really lost what it was meant to be. For us, it's important to have music that's played live, on instruments, and I don't foresee myself getting up to do a performance to a pre-recorded backing tape. The music we've chosen is aggressive. I like hard music, I like aggressive music and one of the stereotypes we're working to tear down is the idea that women can't do that."

It comes as no surprise that the subject matter of Gen's songs focuses on taboo breaking topics.

"What you see live is a visual representation of what each song is all about. A song like **HOUSE OF SHAME** is dealing with the fact that, in our culture, people are made to feel ashamed of their sexuality. It's also about the journey one goes through in training to be a slave. You'll see a woman brought out and put through training - she's blindfolded, clamps are introduced, she's hog-tied and hung up for everyone to see. It's kind of like watching a play."

But this is not to be confused with a serious, stern lecture on sexuality in society.

"People ask me all the time if this is entertainment," laughs Gen. "Well, the point is this - I truly am entertained by what I do, and that translates to the audience. We enjoy what we do on stage and that comes across."

Although the Genitorturers play 'regular' all-ages shows while on tour, they're probably best known for their more exclusive fetish-club performances, where they bring whole new dimensions to the concept of "audience participation." They're also not adverse to linking up with the cutting-edge in modern telecommunications as a means to an end.

"We have hooked up with computer bulletin boards in America - fetish networks, adult networks, piercing networks. We post our dates on the computer and put out a 'slave call,' so we have people who turn up to the shows to be used - people



who are just more extreme, they're just hankerin' for an enema, by God! That might be a fifty year old judge or a senator or a neurosurgeon, but they know they can come along with a certain degree of anonymity, be masked and be a part of what we do. People are hungry for this, people are hungry to explore their sexuality and some of these people are not familiar with rock 'n' roll, so this way of doing it is new to them."

Gen is clearly a powerhouse of lively ideas and positive mental philosophies. She has a broad streak of black, morgue humour, which perhaps fails to come across on the printed page (not to mention an unashamed enthusiasm for pornography that would put a building site full of brick layers to shame). But would she that, between the piercing, the stage-show and working with the deceased in her medical

role, she's become desensitised to all but the most extreme aspects of life? Gen's world is a fascinating place to visit, but would many want to live there?

"I think I've evolved as a person. Some people think ignorance is bliss, but I think ignorance is very dangerous. It leaves you open to being controlled. I'd much rather have a truer sense of reality, which I think I've gained from doing all of this. It's true that it's definitely effected my sense of humour and maybe separated me from other people who wouldn't find funny the things that I find funny. I have become jaded in that respect, but I wouldn't trade it."

*For further information on the Genitorturers, contact The Society Of Genitorture, P.O. Box 8479, Tampa, Florida, 33674*

# The Shock Corridors of EROTICA

*Behind the happy, wholesome facade of the pornography industry lies a seething mass of deviation and depravity. Sal Volatile slips into his rubber body and wades in to examine three films that live on the edge.*

Why the Italians and French in particular go for all out explorations of the very limits of sexuality is a mystery. How they manage to accomplish them with such bravura erotic élan is equally unfathomable.

Since the relaxations from the Fascist years, the urge to transgress as wildly and as publicly as possible seems to have permeated the Italian consciousness. SALO and CALIGULA spring to mind as striking examples of bold and crazed Italian big-time sex-fests, each painting broad strokes of perverse narrative with an emphasis on giddily immoral eroticism. Then again, the bookshelves and magazine racks in any Milanese newsagents reveal just how far fetched the Mediterranean imagination can be when fired up on attack doses of confrontational carnality.

Maybe the deep down ritualistic nature of saturation-Catholicism also explains the Italian appetite for all manner of transgressive sex. Whatever, nobody does it better, and L'AMORE E LA BESTIA (Italy 1985, Dir: George Curot. With: Marina Lotar, Gabriel Pontello) is another fine example of an extreme genre totally haywire in its desire to truly push the viewer to the limits of sexual thinkability.

Having no subtitles, it's a bit of a chore following just what's happening. For the most part, a beautiful Contessa (Marina Lotar – a commendably ravishing ex-Miss Italy!) in an lavish Italian villa – initially witnesses one of her maids (Gabriel Pontello) screwing the butler in the stables. When the butler proves unable to satisfy the maid all eyes are on the snorting, rearing lump of horseflesh tethered in the barn corner!

What kick starts the movie is the silent portrayal of the maids inflamed lust as she watches the horse's arousal. Slinking across the stable floor, like some brunette peasant Boticelli model, she somehow contrives to "seduce" the beast through a combination of groovy body language and come-hither eye contact. Quite how this human display is meant to titillate the animal is a bit of a mystery but Tonto isn't asking any questions!

Obviously still tingling and frustrated from lack of appreciation from her own species, this plucky barnyard-volupte advances ravenously on the whinnying brute. Administering a two fisted hand job by way of foreplay to something the size of a mature male horse is a task that only a select few ever master. If nothing else, it draws on reserves of shamelessness rarely spied since Linda Lovelace exhibited her oral taste for canine scrotums in the remarkable DOG FUCKER. (A movie notable incidentally for reputedly being one of collector Hugh Hefner's all time fave beastly loops!)

No one's denying these are forbidden vices that human beings were simply not designed for. Surely, if God had meant young nubile to go round stirring the libidos of good, honest beasts of burden he would no doubt have given them four legs and a tail.

However, at this point the movie cuts back to the sumptuous sub-plot. In her free time the aristocratic Marina presides over an orgiastic household of ever ready 'n' randy butlers and dusky handmaidens, all eager to please in classic skinflin style. And in a variety of standard configurations she takes on all comers with rare aplomb.

Unlike Cicciolina's legendary OCHT

HOSTEN trawl throughout the pleasures of sexy horseflesh (see a previous DIVINITY), all the action in LA BESTIA takes place at a relaxed feature-length pace. There's no frenzied intercutting trying to demonstrate human/animal parallels and there's a lot more care to establish a feeling of luxurious excess.

Even though the sex scenes don't offer much variation on the usual porn permutations contentwise, the way they're filmed is extraordinarily plush. With the entire film letterboxed and artfully composed so that you get a feel for the rich, decadent forces at work, the mood is a world away from the standard bland-out hack-work wankfest currently flooding over from the USA and Germany.

Making the whole tour de force even more compelling is the excellent soundtrack – a haunting slew of wind chimes peeling away gently behind the "love" scenes and weaving in and out as the movie slowly rises to its finale.

Quite apart from the production values, the sterling performance of Marina Lotar as the ice-cold Italian beauty lusting for her dead hubby, is more than enough to carry the film. Her perfect figure and compelling features send a surge of warm realism through all her scenes – notably during one of the sexiest water-sports sessions ever committed to celluloid.

Judging by other horrific animal-fare offered throughout the video booths of Europe, the budgets for these kinds of productions are usually less than minimal. We're talking desperate people doing desperate things fast and furtively here.

Most hand-held zoophilia porn loops are filmed with bush-whacked crews of local degenerate peasants hungry for a few

shekels to eke out their hideous Paraguayan existence, and to hell with RSPCA snoopers! Endlessly gross girl-meets-donkey-boy-meets-pig scenarios shot in dirt-farm barnyards never fail to appall. And who could forget those comedy classic titles infesting the video-palaces of Amsterdam: **EELS FOR PLEASURE** and **GAY DOG?**

But **LA BESTIA** has the full flush of a lovingly budgeted epic, and the pay off in terms of creating a piece of smart erotica is significant. If it wasn't essentially a horsin' 'n' fuckin' film, the rest of the material would be perfectly acceptable avant-garde Euro Art House fare. Naturally, for committed sleazoids the piss-orgies and horse ejaculation footage are of crucially mind-blowing importance. Whilst the process of horse seduction is dropped in at various opportune moments, it's the final sequence that truly blows your head off.

Eventually after a succession of tongueings, caressings, heftings, heavings and rubbings, Gabriel brings the great beast to climax. Where this differs from ye olde in-out quickie job in Cicciolina's film is in the continuous spraying cum shot where Gabriel hoses herself down with non-stop, free flowing horse semen. God knows this looks bad enough baldly reported on paper – up on the screen it defeats every known moral imperative. How could she? How could you? Where's the rewind?

Even though it's obviously some sort of expanded homage to similar scenes in Borowczyk's **THE BEAST** (which went on to repertory in a set of newly struck prints a couple of years ago courtesy of the ICA) it's a pretty unique piece of celluloid.

You may wish you'd never seen it. You'll never openly admit to it. You could probably be jailed simply for sitting next to the cassette of it! But this startling piece of footage is prime heart-stopping surrealism. Twenty years from now, re-runs in the Museum of Modern Art will be commonplace. For this amazing finale alone George Curor deserves every bit as much respect as John Walters for his dog-shit-eating revelations with Divine in **PINK FLAMINGOS**. He is the Visconti of post-modern filmic erotica, and **LA BESTIA** is sensual, immoral movie-making at its most lurid and matchless.

Another legendary shocker from the Italianate stable (geddit?) that seems to have been sluicing round the underground for some time is **WATERPOWER** (USA 1975, Dir: Gerard Damiano. Stars: Jamie Gillis, Gloria Leonard.) This is often mistitled as either **THE ENEMA BANDIT** or **THE ENEMA RAPIST** depending on prevailing prudery.

It's murky fame is such that either mistitle has become the standard moniker. But more misleading still has been the recent Jonathan Ross write up in his **INCREDIBLY STRANGE MOVIES** manual. With a prose style straight out of

(mostly on Platinum video Stateside, fact freaks!) are almost all recent shot-onto-video quickies featuring girls cheerfully expelling glistening arcs of dear fluid from their bowels in vignettes that usually try to pass as health education studies.

But Damiano isn't playing that game. His is a full length feature movie shot in the depths of the smeg infested Seventies with a mission to bring the viewer successive glimpses of raw, muddy human sewage spouting violently from the female anus.

If this is your (douche) bag – and certainly for untold millions it is – **WATER POWER** will surely not disappoint. If you also happen to have pronounced psychotic rape tendencies then you will have been doubly blessed.

The evergreen Gillis (not!) plays a broken down crazy who becomes obsessed with 'high colonic irrigation' sex jinx after moseying into an anal session at a Times Square brothel. He watches a fantasy nurse 'n' doctor enema session at the cathouse (rather authentically played by the same lucky enthusiast who administers Desiree Cousteau's buttlunch in **PRETTY PEACHES**) and becomes furiously aroused. To the point of taking up the cudgel of the enema and convincing himself he now has a mandate to clean out the "bitches" off the streets.

This **TAXI DRIVER** sub-plot quickly pans out into several rape scenes and a finale wherein the NYPD stake Gillis out with a female entrapment cop who is eventually lost by her partner during the heist and ends up bound in a bath with a nozzle linked to the taps presumably to he left to die by water exploding her gut. Fiendish!

The final scene has Gillis escaping the law officers who save the girl at the last minute. But out in the naked city nightcape he's already considering his next move. A bunch of cautionary New York City rape statistics flash up on the screen. Gillis heads off in full manic mode. We are left to fear the worst.

Apart from Gillis's nuttier dialogues and excerpts from his enema diary, there isn't a whole bunch of laughs to the proceedings. There are however at least three ultra-graphic scenes of forced, non-consensual implement insertion, usually followed by close-up spouts of thick, muddy rectal matter hosing into baths or pans – often



Jamie Gillis in action

**HELLO**, Ross somehow contrives to portray it as a knockabout comedy that incidentally includes side-splitting scenes of enema administration. He admits his write up is from long gone memory but his take is so hind to the actual disturbed turbulence of the movie that his reactions are somewhat suspect. An aperitif for groovy video decadents this is not! This one's down there with Pasolini's **SAIO** in the gut-churning rectal revelation stakes.

In fact the film contains a slew of excruciating and disturbing scenes, several of which border on onscreen rape with the actresses involved obviously on the verges of utter panic and breakdown. The plentiful shots of enema insertion and consequent spurting defecation are fearfully repulsive, and the convincingly psychotic performance of the extremely grizzled Jamie Gillis only adds to the hideous gloom.

This is an utterly weirded out and rather rare porn genre-piece. Other enema movies



with the grizzly Gillis ejaculating gleefully in tandem.

The single most disturbing scene features Gillis breaking in on a naked showering girl who throughout the take positively shivers with tears, and evident revulsion. Her screams as Gillis forces her to the floor are numbingly real. He makes her kneel in the bath, gloating over the requisite bursts of bum gravy and all the while mumbling like a grade-A madman. The image of Gillis squatting astride her and masturbating crazily is one of the most horrific sequences in the history of underground film. The girl howls with misery and at the end of the episode appears utterly distraught and barely able to stand.

The whole performance is utterly unforgivable and entirely suspect. In the mid 'seventies the fashion for rape-sex was at its peak and **WATER POWER** is the nadir of the tendency. At the end of the day everybody here should be thoroughly ashamed and probably give themselves over to the proper authorities.

Strangely, many of the cop parts are reasonably well-acted and the basic evocation of backstreet New York is effectively squalid. There's a definite feeling most of the participants just mustn't have known what the hell was really going down. Gillis has an unnerving habit of assaulting almost all the females at some point – veering off the script at the last minute and dragging them into the real hidden agenda of the film. In more places than one, his co-stars turn to the camera in confusion as Gillis pulls some ultra-violent stunt on them and the realism starts to – almost literally – hit home.

Darleen Holloman's **NOZZLE TALK** magazine in America shows there's a market for this kind of rad sex, but in 1975 this must really have been breaking new ground. Perhaps the only redeeming factor is an erotic analintus take between the attractive female entrapment cop and her heavily moustachioed lover just before she's taken prisoner. But the mood is so out of place as to suggest it was brought in for relief from some other more benign source.

Hugely uncomfortable to behold and offensively memorable to boot, **WATER POWER** is a degenerate digest of the deformed sexual psyche of the Seventies. And the buyer should beware!

A little to the west of Italy and the emphasis is on a more cultivated French elegance nurturing the erotic genius that is

**THE PUNISHMENT OF ANNE** (France 1979, Dir: Radley Metzger. Stars: Carl Parker, Mary Mendum, Marilyn Roberts)

In his compendium of sexual perversion, **BIZARRE SEX**, Dr Roy Eskapa has this to say about the film: "...the protagonist has the thorns on the stem of a rose flower inserted into her vagina; she is bound, gagged, whipped and made to experience the most incredible humiliations – the likes of which were cited to convict war criminals at the Nuremberg trials..." Yes, **THE PUNISHMENT OF ANNE** really is that good! Eskapa lies about the rose scene – the thorn is only prised into the slave girl's tender thigh not her sex organs, and the film is a little short on Nazi death-camp experiments – but otherwise he more than captures the forbidden pleasures of the movie. (Unlike **WATER POWER** though, none of the admittedly heavy SM scenarios happens without the firm acceptance of the slave-girl.)

By common consent in the **DIVINITY** offices, this is possibly the finest slice of movie erotica ever crafted. The production is lavish; the adaptation from Jean de Berg's novel **THE IMAGE** immaculate; the acting sterling and the SM scenes totally enticing. This *is* the production by which all other film erotica should be judged.

Metzger retains the dialogue of the novel pretty closely, homing in on the male novelist's immediate relations with the handsome older SM mistress and her exquisite slave girl as he comes across them at a literary party. He becomes obsessed with the couple, and eventually the slave girl is loaned out to him, severely affecting the relationship between the two women. The slave girl eventually prides herself away from her mistress who ends up falling in love with the author.

Two versions seem to exist: one, acceptably soft-core, which cuts out about ten minutes of heavy SM and some plot highlighting the author's initially rejected personal overtures to the slave girl; and the heavier version which features full blown oral scenes, assorted sadisms and relentless flagellation fantasies. These latter are unequalled in their emotional violence. The final flogging sequence in which the slave girl is hoisted in her mistresses luxury flat, subjected to hot needles spiking her breasts then followed with a savage and protracted whipping is unutterably disturbing and erotic. For what seems like an age the camera slices around a multitude of edits

as the girl tenses and spasms under the lash. Nothing quite like it has ever been filmed before – certainly not with the pursed eloquence Metzger brings to the ritual.

The mistress's brutality is unflinching, and shown again in the master scene where the slave girl is 'forced' to fellate the author whilst being set about with a deadly bull-whip. The dizzying shots of the author's insane orgasmic laughter howling above the flesh-ripping sounds of the whip are extremely hard-hitting. And like **LA BESTIA**, the carefully matched soundtrack – all cod continental orchestral schmaltz – brings a haunting beauty to the movie raising the production into the realms of great art.

Much of the film is voiced over with excerpts from the novel, but the real magic comes simply in the amazing intensity of the filmed sex and the evocation of the sadistic lust between the three protagonists as they drift through the stunning Parisian locations.

The slave girl especially acts with a feeling for her part that is uncanny – her expression effortlessly gliding from shocked craving to pert enjoyment with almost no dialogue. Eventually, she realizes she can live without her older partner and makes off after a final submissive session. It's a quiet, sumptuously cultivated performance that should assure huge cult status far into the future.

Where **LA BESTIA** is attractively perverse and **WATER POWER** ruthlessly over the top, **THE PUNISHMENT OF ANNE** instead presents refined erotic shock as cinematic art. It is one of the first great deluxe contemporary exploitation films. Unashamedly devised to tempt unrestrained sensibilities to their uttermost, Metzger has given forbidden cinema a magnum opus of unbridled sensuality.



Divinity Seven

# SEXY & GIRLS SEXY & GUNS

David Flint takes a look at the last word in trash video

**Y**ou wanna know where the real end of the line is? The genuine bottom of the barrel, jaw-dropping cultural abomination? Well, forget your taboo shattering European art movies, your gutspilling splatter opuses and extreme porno flicks – the true lowest of the low is here, and it's called **ROCK 'N' ROLL #3 – SEXY GIRLS AND SEXY GUNS.**

Of course, scantily clad babes blasting off heavy weaponry has been a staple attraction of exploitation movies for years. Think of all those classic New World Pictures from the Seventies, with Pam Grier, Tamara Dobson or some other B-movie goddess blasting her way to freedom. Savour those titles: **THE BIG DOLL HOUSE, CAGED HEAT, SWEET SUGAR, COFFY...**they drip from the tongue like honey. The Cramps immortalised this classic strain of filmmaking on their song **BIKINI GIRLS WITH MACHINE GUNS**, and somehow, somewhere, that must have struck a particularly potent chord with one listener.

Kenyon Blower (and there's a good joke in *that* name, I suspect) knew that with most films, you have to sit through a ninety minute story in order to get your fix of gun-totin' chicks. Having already produced two insignificant volumes of **ROCK 'N' ROLL**, he was looking for a gimmick. After all, there was only so far that you could go with sub-standard Heavy Metal-backed footage of men firing off round after round. So, for the third instalment, Blower had **The Gimmick. Sexy Girls and Sexy Guns. Babes and Bullets. Floozies with Uzis.**

For 48 minutes, this video tape indulges not one, but two redneck wank fantasies. The format is simple, frighteningly so. To quote the voice over: "fourteen of the sexiest Southern California beauties in string bikini's and high heels, firing the sexiest fully automatic machine-guns in the



Photo: Master Williams, Model: Aurora

world." Only in America, folks!

To the backing of rather bland heavy rock music, we meet the gals, dressed to kill in the desert or some lush green landscape, pumping away on those oh-so-phallic tools of destruction. First up is Lillian, with an on-screen caption tells us everything important about this particular "babe" (i.e. she's 5'3", 104lbs, 34-22-34). Tugged out in a skimpy red outfit, with legs that reach up to heaven, Lillian is firing an MPK sub-machine gun. She tells us that "this is a lot of fun", before gushing over the technical qualities of the weapon in her hands. "Those Germans really know how to make a machine gun!", she enthuses...

The remaining bimbos follow a similar format. There's Rosie, a gravel-voiced Commie hater who is staggered by her gun's recoil as she blasts away in a gold bikini; the strangely unattractive Tani Jo, with a hideous Deep South accent and pink outfit, gleefully telling us that her chosen weapon is a favourite with "the underworld" (hope you remember to express your admiration if you ever get shot by street thugs, honey); the well built and haughty looking Dottie, spending more time posing than shooting...

Each girl thinks that firing a gun is great fun. None seem too interested in the results of America's lax gun laws, and most are probably too dumb to even understand the sense of gun control – or anything else, for that matter. It's hard to imagine having a conversation with Angela, for example – this physically stunning blonde comes wrapped in a tiny red costume, but has empty eyes. Equally vacuous is Adrianna, who's faltering narration is delivered with a bizarre accent as she pumps away with an Uzi. She looks hot, but it's all too obvious that the lights are out and there's nobody home.

Despite the promise of fourteen babes in string bikinis, a few girls aren't playing along. Julie, for example, is in street wear, while the leggy Tish struts around in skin tight



Fourteen of the fourteen southern California beauties actually died in ending  
Minnie Boring name of the serious hell over machine guns over produced...  
UZI, MAC-10, M-16, MP-5, AR-15, THOMPSON, M14 and more!



Photo: Master Williams. Model: Aurora

pandex. Kathy comes with a 42" chest, but tit men can stop salivating now; she's a body-builder, and it's all solid muscle. She takes the dress code violation to a natural conclusion – a female Schwarzenegger in combat gear.

While director Blower steadfastly avoids any nudity in the tape\*, he nevertheless wants to give his audience value for their boners (though how many are only wanking over the weapons is something we'll hopefully never know). So, apart from hardbodied bikini babes, we also get a couple of girls in flimsy white T-shirt cut-offs. Denise might have a voice that has you reaching for the Mute button, but this thin cotton covering allows maximum jiggle as she blasts away on her AK-47. Similarly, when we see voluptuous rock chick Kathy,

the camera peers lovingly at her sweat-drenched breasts, giving that all-important hint of nipple showing through.

It's easy to scoff at this. The idea is so scuzzy, the presentation so crass and the girls so dumb, it becomes a parody. And there undoubtedly is something loin-stirring about some cool and sensuous sex kitten posing with a lethal weapon. But the laughter stops when you realise that the main audience for this film really *will* be getting hard looking at the guns as well as the girls. The very concept of a gun being "sexy" is outrageous enough; the thought of already trigger-happy gang members shooting off over this sort of video is horrific. Whilst it pales into insignificance compared to the foul macho bullshit propagated by many gun crazy rapstars (the retarded Snoop Doggy Dog being the most foul), Blower's opus, while not *dangerous*, is irresponsible. Thank God David Alton hasn't seen it.

\* – a curious American attitude, this, also found on many female gunge wrestling-style tapes, where the emphasis is firmly on T&A, but nudity remains a taboo.

Photo: Master Williams. Model: Aurora



Divinity Seven

# Mayfair's SEXY SIX

*Tim Greaves dusts off his projector and  
relives the halycon days of 8mm glamour*

Even had I been old enough, I wouldn't have been able to visit the local Odeon to see them. There's no way they would ever have been shown on broadcast television either. And I certainly couldn't pop a cassette into the VCR – I didn't have one! Those born of the video era probably find that a concept beyond grasp, but it's true.

It was the early 1970s and I was just beginning to take an interest in the allure of the opposite sex. There were, quite naturally, the "naughty" magazines – in truth as innocuous as you could get, but I was sure impressed – acquired from school friends in exchange for dinner money, struggled furtively into the house and up to my room. Pouring over the glossy pages of the magazines, I couldn't help wondering what all those fascinating female "bits and pieces" looked like, er... moving about.

Then I discovered the 8mm package movie.

And there were literally hundreds to choose from. Better yet, Dad had a projector, which until now had thrown little more than images of holidays past onto the wall. A few hours familiarising myself with the workings of 8mm projection equipment and I was ready to bear witness to something a little different.

With such a vast choice of product, but with price being a very restrictive factor, it seemed logical to start cheap. The films on offer in the pages of MAYFAIR magazine were as cheap as they came. And if you knew someone else whose Dad had some



THE GIRLS FROM MAYFAIR

of these things, all the better.

At the height of the 8mm boom MAYFAIR entered into the fray with a series of six 5-minute shorts featuring some of their own beauties. Who can forget the promotional photos of buxom Mandy Kuypers beckoning to the reader to send off his £10.30 for a copy of her film?

Now, years on, you could pick up all six of these films on a video cassette for less than the price of just one on 8mm, but somehow it wasn't the same. I suppose it's partially a nostalgia thing – harkening back to that darkened bedroom, as the flickering magical beam of light unveiled visual treasure beyond my wildest imagining – but I still and always will believe that 8mm is superior, if nothing else then in quality, to the current video format.

But what of The Mayfair Film Society's Sexy Six?

My brother – three years my junior and, but for my corruptive influence, probably totally unaware of girls at that time – took a distinct fancy to petite and blonde Caroline Dell, but for me none of the other feminine charms on display held a candle to those offered up by shapely Penny Mallett.

*This gorgeous blonde has novel ideas about swimwear when she puts on a shiny PVC bikini which leaves nothing at all to the imagination.*

The nubile Penny – who later found fame as model Nina Carter – featured in several photos on the 8mm advertisements, breasts protruding mischievously over the top of a makeshift polythene bikini top, crotch exposed invitingly inside an equally makeshift pair of polythene panties. Looking at these lurid photos, for the first time my young loins experienced previews of the stirrings to follow in later years when exploring the real thing.

When I eventually got to see **MISS MAYFAIR** it was – on reflection unexpectedly – not a disappointment.

In this case the viewer got three girls for the price of one as Penny vied with two other models in a fashion show. When her competitors conspire to wreck her chances by cutting up her bikini, Penny's intuitive improvisation pays dividends and, clad in a see-through bikini fashioned from a shower curtain, she takes the crown. Even her two bitter rivals are reduced to forgiving shrugs and smiles.

Beyond the memorable curves of Miss Mallett, there were five other ladies on offer to the home voyeur.

The petite Caroline Dell was described in the promotional blurb thus: *This svelte blonde livens up the local disco scene by discarding her mini-skirt and giving an impromptu display of excitingly sexy nude dancing.*

The film, **MAYFAIR GIRL OF THE YEAR**, is bland in the extreme, featuring Miss Dell doing no more than twirling about the floor whilst suggestively tonguing a **KOJAK**-style lollipop. It's probably the weakest of the sextet – though that's a personal opinion – its main point of interest being the suggestion that the lady recorded an album; the sleeve of the record she's dancing to, *Caroline Dell: Groovy Girl*, was most probably just a mock-up for the purposes of the film, but if anyone knows otherwise I'd like to hear about it!

Then there was Mandy Kuypers: *Our 37-24-36 dream secretary turns up for work in provocative clothes, and her randy antics prove her undoing.*

**THE SECRETARY** finds Miss K. clad in a decidedly eye-catching black leather mini-skirt. She ends up removing all her clothes in a bid to seduce the boss, but the appearance of a mouse startles her and provides the perfect excuse for much

jumping up and down and plenty of jiggling breasts. Mandy's hair is far more blonde than the photo in the ads would indicate, though it's a blatant bleach job since the collar and cuffs don't match!

Next up, Victoria Jane in **COUNTRY GIRL**, not to be confused with the same-titled 8mm release in the 1979 **COLLECTION** hard core series: *Our cuddly voluptuous beauty takes a stroll in the woods with her dog. But it turns into an outdoor romp which leaves her breathless and bare. Then she gets a drenching while attempting to bathe her pet.*

Getting muddy during a woodland walk with her dog, Victoria Jane doesn't bother to wait to get home to clean up. She starts removing her togs there and then. Well, in that situation you would, wouldn't you? When a passing rambler stops to gape, she decides she's better off heading for home. The buxom brunette cleans up Rover, gets soaked to the skin and strips off all her clothes. A quick kiss and cuddle on the rug with the frisky hound – which in other films might well be setting the scene for a little bestiality – is the cue for **MAYFAIR** to bring this, one of their most entertaining reels, to a discreet close.

Adding a little racial harmony to the mix was sultry Sylvia Bayo: *Her full rising-tipped breasts have to be seen to be believed as this sexy au pair livens up a bachelor flat. But the housework soon becomes forgotten.*

The beautifully chocolate-skinned Miss Bayo features in **GIRL FRIDAY** as a budding au pair, and what an au pair she's got! (Tacky pun courtesy of **THE SUN** Page Three caption-writers school of journalism). Determined to do her utmost to please, she winds up stripped naked, but for a pair of white knee-length kinky boots, nibbling on a banana. Her employer is understandably pleased, until his wife arrives home and he has to hide his pretty plaything pronto!

As with **THE SECRETARY**, and in fact most of the shorts in this series, **GIRL FRIDAY** was practically a movie adaptation of the jokey scenarios found in **MAYFAIR** magazine's own **CARRIE** strip cartoons. It's not difficult to see where the ideas for their films started life.

And so finally we come to Sophie Colville in **THE GIRL FROM MAYAIR**: *The long-legged air hostess is soaked after spilling her duty free liquor, and angeringly peels off her sodden uniform on a train in an erotic striptease.*



Mandy Kuypers

This one simply begs the question, why an air hostess? The story places our girl in a train compartment, so why not a ticket collector's uniform? Perhaps the air hostess outfit was on special offer at the fancy dress



## Divinity Seven



store the day they came to shoot!

Slipping out of her clothes when she spills her duty free all over herself, Sophie doesn't seem too worried when a fellow commuter walks in to find her almost starkers. In fact, it's his lucky day, for the lass is aroused and, as the British Rail locomotive speeds to its next stop, she loses her underwear as well and a light-hearted romp ensues.

Relatively cheap by comparison with much adult 8mm product, it's perhaps surprising that there were no further titles released in the MAYFAIR range. Then again, even labelling their output "lack-lustre" is being generous. The models were undoubtedly pretty, but they were up against more formidable organisations, Mistral for example, whose output – though more than double and triple the price – was far more risqué.

When one considers that literally thousands of prints were struck from the negatives and sold to private buyers across the country, it's sad to note that they're so rarely seen any more. Some still actively seek out and collect 8mm, but so many of those desirable titles of yesteryear are all too rarely found.

One can only mourn that when video in the home became commonplace and 8mm distribution on a mass scale turned up its toes, all those men who'd secretly sampled in the delights of Penny, Mandy, Victoria



Jane, Sophie, Sylvia and Caroline – making sure to keep them hidden from their wives – either trashed them or cast them into a box in the attic with the rest of their 8mm equipment.

Sadly, they'll probably never know just what we've lost.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

### SECRET MAGAZINE



RUBBER  
LEATHER  
HIGH HEELS  
FASHION  
BONDAGE  
SM NEWS  
DOMINATION

"One of Europe's best collectable 'fetish magazine'" (Skin Two N°10)

"Probably the best continental fetish magazine" (Detective Books)

Single issue N°9 costs £10/500BF; subscriptions are £40/2000BF, payable in all credit cards, cash eurocheques in belgian francs or 20 IRC's (international reply coupons)

**SECRET MAGAZINE - P.O.BOX 1400**  
1000 Brussels 1 - Belgium  
CREDIT CARD ORDERS: TEL: Int. 32.223.09.14 -  
Fax: 32.223.10.09 from 10.30AM until 6.30PM

safer  
**PLANET SEX**  
Saturday  
19th March 1994  
ball



introducing  
the Terminatrix Experience,  
the Tribal Throb Hut, the Spaceship of Love,  
the Grope Box, the Peep Show, the Cage,  
the S/M Olympics, the Erotic Oscars  
and an Aphrodisiac Dinner.

**FUND RAISING EVENT FOR VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE**

Details from The Leydig Trust,  
PO Box 42B, London W1A 4ZB.  
Telephone 071 738 0388.

# Irredeemable Sleaze

the latest Redemption video releases reviewed by David Flint

They keep on comin' – in fact, the flood of releases from Redemption Films seems unstoppable. The latest batch of groovy goodies to emerge since the last edition of DIVINITY went to press is a mix of art, trash, personal visions and public nightmares. And as the label gathers strength, so the releases become ever more unbelievable. Director's cuts of obscure horror movies, unknown lyrical masterpieces, long lost trash and banned shockers – all are making an appearance...

♦ ♦ ♦

## BARON BLOOD

Mario Bava is generally regarded as one of the masters of Italian horror, and rightly so. His great gothic films of the Sixties like *THE MASK OF SATAN*, *BLACK SABBATH*, *THE WHIP* and *THE FLESH* and *KILL BABY KILL* are gorgeous, eerie and stunning. Unfortunately, in the rush to praise Bava, it's often forgotten that he was capable of churning out some of the most appalling hack work imaginable. Look at *DR GOLDFOOT AND THE GIRL BOMBS* and *FIVE DOLLS FOR AN AUGUST MOON*, for example. Or, alternatively, take a look at *BARON BLOOD*.

Shot around the same time as the lyrical *LISA AND THE DEVIL*, and sharing the same female lead (Elke Sommer) and producer (Alfred Leone), it's tempting to imagine this as a weekend quickie churned out on the back of the more illustrious title. Concerning the exploits of an evil Baron (played by a chuckling Joseph Cotton) who returns from the dead to experience the joys of torture once again, the film's shoddy and ham-fisted production values make the worst Jesus Franco pot-boiler seem professional in comparison. In its favour, the film has one or two brief visual flashes of brilliance, but these are invariably followed immediately by a particularly dreadful moment. Bava zooms in and out



Elke Sommer in *BARON BLOOD*

with abandon, the plot is riddled with glaring inconsistencies and incongruities, and the characters are awful. Worst of all, the film even features one of those ghastly and unlikely children that seem to appear in an unnerving amount of Italian horror tales, spouting stacy philosophies and advice to the adults.

Redemption have released *BARON BLOOD* widescreen, and for the first time are presenting it in the directors cut, with previously unseen scenes, and the original music score (previously replaced with a score by Les Baxter). All well and good, and doubtless a dick-stiffening experience for all *VIDEO WATCHDOG*...er anal retainives. But in truth, even this doesn't help matters; in fact, the music is awful, sounding more like the soundtrack to a lousy Euro-comedy from the Sixties than a horror score.

♦

## CANNIBAL MAN

Of all the films to find themselves banned as "vidco nasties" in the early Eighties, none was more undeserving than *CANNIBAL MAN*. It seems that the sole reason for its inclusion on that list of forbidden films was the title, which saw it immediately lumped in with *CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST* / *FEROX* / *APOCALYPSE* / *TERROR* etc. In fact, it was as far removed from those tropical gut-churners as could be imagined, and one suspects that had the film been released under the original title (*APARTMENT ON THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR*), it would have easily avoided seizure by anthropophagy-hungry police officers.

It tells the story of Marco, a slaughterhouse worker who's descent into hell begins when a cab driver objects to his making out in the back seat with his girlfriend. A violent row ensues, and the



## DEEP RED

cab driver is killed. Later, back home, the girl (played by cute Spanish exploitation favourite Emma Cohen) pleads with Marco to give himself up to the police; instead, he strangles her in a fit of pique. And so it goes on, with each visitor to the house finding out too much and meeting their end - his brother and his fiancée, her father, and a local waitress who has the hots for our rapidly slipping protagonist. Put so coldly, the film sounds little more than a body count. In fact, **CANNIBAL MAN** is nearer to the arthouse than the grindhouse. Director Eloy De La Iglesia has crafted a tense and effective study of mental breakdown (Marco piling the bodies in the bedroom and trying to mask the smell with air freshener), and thrown in more than a smattering of comment on Spanish class culture. Marco's only friend, for instance, is a lonely homosexual who feels alienated from his own class; similarly, Marco's former buddies no longer want to know him because he has a well paid job and "isn't one of us anymore".

Intelligent, well made and not overly violent (most deaths being relatively bloodless and brief), **CANNIBAL MAN** suffers in this print from flat and clumsy dubbing; if subtitled, it would without doubt be seen as a minor masterpiece. But even with this fault, the film comes highly recommended.



THE HATCHET MURDERS aka DEEP RED

**DEEP RED** was the last of a series of Giallo thrillers made by Dario Argento during the late Sixties/early Seventies, and was also his best work to date (he followed this with **SUSPIRIA**). Originally banned by the BBFC due to the highly graphic violence, the film tells the story of a pianist (David Hemmings) who witnesses a murder, and subsequently tries - with the help of feisty journalist Daria Nicolodi - to find out who the killer was. Meanwhile, the killer is out to cover up clues before the investigators find them.

Like **BARON BLOOD**, **DEEP RED** is finally available in its complete form. In this case, that means over twenty minutes of expository material that had been removed from all prints outside Italy, and English subtitles (though sadly, *Redemption* were unable to obtain a widescreen print). For this reason alone, the film is worth a look. Some months ago, I'd watched the English version of **DEEP RED** for the first time in about six years, and felt that it hadn't stood the test of time, but this expanded version, without the perils of dubbing, is much better. The dialogue is still rather ropy, and the plot ludicrous and paper-thin, but Argento's visual flair and the pounding Goblin score just about hold it together. If you can suspend your disbelief for a couple of hours, then you should find this film highly satisfactory. My only real quibble with the present print is the one censor cut - a scene showing a lizard nailed to the floor, squirming in agony. While I realise that the laws on animal cruelty demand the removal of such a scene, it seems a mistake to leave in the immediately preceding footage. In the original, a father slaps his little girl across the face, and the lizard shot reveals why; in this version, his assault seems without motivation, changing the entire context of the sequence.

## LE FRISSON DES VAMPIRES/LA VAMPIRE NUE

If *Redemption* were to vanish tomorrow, they would have earned their place in the hearts of all British cult movie followers by releasing the delirious and unique erotic horror movies of Jean Rollin. Unseen in the UK before (except for a mangled print of **LE FRISSON DES VAMPIRES**, which played cinemas in the early Seventies as **SEX AND THE VAMPIRE**), these classic

works of genius are unlike any films ever made.

Of these two latest redeemed Rollins, the most immediately brilliant is the truly insane **LA VAMPIRE NUE**. Although released in a dubbed print, the film could just as well have been presented in the original French - there is so little dialogue, it really wouldn't matter. This wild psychedelic tale was Rollin's first in colour, and he makes full use of the medium, keeping the screen awash with wild visual stimuli, at the expense of a story. What plot there is doesn't warrant discussion - instead, viewers can marvel at the crazy costumes, lurid lighting and crazy music that propel the film along at a pace so intense that a conventional story would have simply been an irritation. The film works because Rollin has a comic book imagination, and is happy to tell his tale on an entirely visual level.

**LE FRISSON DES VAMPIRES** eschews this approach for a more conventional narrative, concerning a honeymooning couple who stay at a castle inhabited by vampires. Here, Rollin paints a haunting picture, dripping with strange eroticism. While **LA VAMPIRE NUE** is surprisingly thin on the nudity, **FRISSON** has a great deal of bare flesh on display, often framed in those typical Rollin visual





LA VAMPIRE NILE

tableaus that make his best films such a treat to behold.

There is a downside to all this – the film has rather too many lengthy dialogue scenes, which lack pace, suggesting that Rollin was only truly at home creating visions of ecstasy, and had difficulty coping with extended plot exposition. Better to let the pictures do the talking – a theory that he returned to with the next film, **REQUIEM FOR A VAMPIRE**.

Criticisms aside, this remains a compulsive and remarkable film. Let's hope that *Redemption* can release the first film in the series – **LA VIOL DE VAMPIRE** – soon.

## MARK OF THE DEVIL

Shot in 1969 by young British director Michael Armstrong, **MARK OF THE DEVIL** has finally been passed by the British censors – with four minutes of extreme material removed – twenty-two years later. Why the wait? Why the fuss? Simple, really. **MARK OF THE DEVIL** is *hard*. It's a brutal, unflinching account of torture and madness that has the distinction of being the *most* brutal and unflinching and brutal of the mini-spate of films that emerged in the wake of **WITCHFINDER GENERAL**. Yes, it makes the atrocities of **THE BLOODY JUDGE** and **THE DEMONS** pale in comparison. It also happens to be the best of the bunch by a long way.

With a cast sporting Udo Keir, Reggie Nalder, Hubert Fux and Herbert Lom, the

film rattles through a number of loosely connected scenarios concerning false accusations of witchcraft, all held together by the conflict between Lom as the impotent witchfinder and Keir as his unhappy assistant.

Much of the film is taken up with lengthy sequences portraying the torture of suspected witches, and it's here that the censors have been hardest at work, diligently removing excessive violence with all the ease of a witchfinder removing a tongue (as no longer happens in this print).

Even after cuts, **MARK OF THE DEVIL** has much to recommend it – in common with many European films that rate highly on the atrocity scale, there's a lush sub-orchestral romantic score, first heard as corrupt guards rape a nun during the opening credits. The cult cast handle their parts with due aplomb, and Armstrong handles his surprisingly intelligent script with skill. And despite the high level of violence on display, this is an intelligent and curiously angry film. Compare it to Adrian Hoven's crass sequel, or any of the rip-offs of the time, and you can see just how good it is. Not quite **WITCHFINDER GENERAL**, perhaps, but worthwhile investigating.

## VALERIE AND HER WEEK OF WONDERS

Coming out of nowhere, without any reputation preceding it, **VALERIE AND HER WEEK OF WONDERS** is that rarest of films, the forgotten work of visionary genius. A real find, the film sits as the jewel in *Redemption*'s crown. If you



buy no other film on the label, make sure that you see this at all costs.

**VALERIE AND HER WEEK OF WONDERS** is a stunningly beautiful Czech production from 1970, telling the story of Valerie, a hauntingly pretty thirteen year old girl in the midst of transition from childhood to womanhood. She has adventures (which may or may not be fantasy) involving her ghostly grandmother, the vampire Constable and Eagle, who might be her father and brother respectively, and a lecherous visiting missionary who tries to seduce her and – when unsuccessful – denounces her as a witch.

All this is filmed in a surreal haze of lyrical and poetic images, creating a magical fairytale atmosphere, awash with colour and joyous sensuality. There is a similarity between this film and both **THE COMPANY OF WOLVES** and **LEMORA, A CHILD'S TALE OF THE SUPERNATURAL**, both of which share the theme of a young girl coming of age in a supernatural setting. While both those films are masterpieces of burgeoning sexuality, **VALERIE** may well outdo them in terms of atmosphere, truly stunning imagery and ideas. And the feeling of magic that the film evokes is infectious – despite the horror movie themes, the whole film is awash with the joy of living and the beauty of nature.



In a way, this is an impossible film to review. There are no words that can describe its breathtaking beauty adequately. Everything about it is perfect – the cast, Jaromil Jires' sensitive direction, even the music, which gently evokes the wonderment Valerie is feeling at the changes taking place around and within her.

**VALERIE AND HER WEEK OF WONDERS** may well be the best film that you will see this year. Some people are already saying that it is the best film that they have ever seen. No recommendation is high enough. See it and share in the wonder.

### VIRGIN WITCH

In complete contrast to **VALERIE**, **VIRGIN WITCH** is Redemption's least worthwhile effort, lacking any artistic quality or style. This ugly British skin-flick from the early Seventies has Vicky Michelle (best known from the crass BBC sitcom **ALLO ALLO**) and sister Ann as two girls caught up in a nightmare of witchcraft and lesbianism. This invariably calls for much nudity, bad acting, crass

dialogue and technical incompetence, as might be expected from a UK sex film. However, even by the (sub)standards of the genre, **VIRGIN WITCH** is pretty lousy. Director Ray Austin stumbles his way through the "story" in a lacklustre manner, giving the film all the urgency of a dead slug, and the sex scenes are incredibly tedious, with bored, unattractive people

performing ugly acts.

All that said, the film is not without its moments – there is plenty to snigger at here, none of it intentional. But as a whole, the film is just too damned dull to even appeal on a "So Bad It's Good" level. A conspicuous turd in the Redemption catalogue.

**SHE'S THE GIRL  
WITH THE POWER  
...TO TURN YOU ON!  
...TO TURN YOU OFF!**



**She'll  
blow  
your  
mind!**

**the Virgin Witch**

# KNOCKIN' ON JOE

Edited by Sondra London



**Voices from Death Row**

**NEMESIS**

## KNOCKIN' ON JOE

edited by Sondra London

(ISBN 1 897743 05 X - £7.50/\$11.00)

Already a cult classic in the UK, now reaping controversy in its country of origin. The mercurial Ms. London has collected stories of crime and punishment, violence and pain, from the convicted men in America's Death Rows and maximum security jails.

### INCLUDING:

- G.J. SCHAEFER - multiple killer / execution witness, unblinkingly viewing death and pain like a De Sade;
- BOBBY LEWIS - Death Row escapee, close buddy to Ted Bundy;
- JOE O'DELL - sentenced to die, but innocent? - his *Prison Letters* show the living insanity of Death Row;
- DANNY ROLLING - the alleged mass murderer who has confessed his love for Ms. London to the TV cameras;

"... One of the most important crime books of this decade and possibly the next. One can only add: be prepared for the most disturbing literary experience of your life" -

CHRISTOPHER BERRY-DEE, author of the best-selling crime studies "LADYKILLER" and "DAD HELP ME PLEASE".

"... A unique and priceless collection... A 'must' read for true-crime aficionados and students of the bizarre" - MICHAEL NEWTON, author of "HUNTING HUMANS"/SERIAL SLAUGHTER".

"An awesomely grim compendium... Scariest than any regular novelist could devise" - ARENA (Recommended Section)

"... Moving yet disturbing... delves deeper into the heart of modern darkness than most 'true crime' books dare" - PENTHOUSE

"... Destined to become a classic. Get it!" - HEADPRESS

Review copies/publicity material for all titles available from:

NEMESIS (Tel/Fax: 081 880 3925)

Divinity Seven

# noiseworks

more music to soothe your soul

The one truly great achievement of the industrial revolution that has occurred over the last few years has been the much needed shot in the arm that it has given to the moribund heavy metal scene. Bands who would previously have been content to churn out tired riffs and sing songs about Satan are now experimenting and coming up with interesting hybrids. Case in point – Dead World. Their album **THE MACHINE** (Nuclear Blast CD) offers a slow, doom-laden look at modern society, with long, methodical studies of urban decay. This is truly the soundtrack to the coming apocalypse, a bleak study of the industrial wastelands that scatter the landscape. It's no surprise that the cover shows a typically grim factory site.

Ironically, though, the two tracks that impress the most are unlike the bulk of the album. Despite their sub death-metal gorehound titles, **BLOOD EVERYWHERE** and **ORGY OF SELF-MUTILATION** are haunting, almost ambient soundscapes, punctuated only by vocal samples that speak of death and chaos. These tracks seem to be the aftermath – the wind whistling quietly through the wastelands. Worth the price of the album by themselves, they serve as a pointer to where Dead World *should* be going.

Fetish 69 also take the industrial sound as their own. **ANTIBODY** (Nuclear Blast CD) opens with an ear-shattering guitar blast, and slams into a mean, meat-chomping postindustrial metal attack, topped off with growling, snarling vocal stabs. It's violent. It's angry. It sums up the decay of modern society. There's a distinct Ministry influence, never more apparent than on **STOMACH TURNER**, but the band have enough originality and vitriolic anger to carry them through on their own. With a sleeve depicting bloody corpses, **ANTIBODY** should be a smash with alienated youth the world over.

Those of you in search of something a little more experimental should look no further than Arcane Device's **TROUT** (Silent CD), which contains an hour of electronic music created by David Myers on his fiendish Feedback Machines. As the name suggests, these instruments create a wall of noise, but one that is strangely soothing. The sound sculptures created here are, by and large, very beautiful, yet still possess a dark edge to them. All tend to throb their way into your mind, with one exception – **THROUGH A FLY'S EAR** is a screeching, high pitched seven and a half minute exercise in aural torture, and I defy anyone to listen to it on high volume and come away with their mind and hearing intact.

This aberration aside, **TROUT** would make the ideal backing tape for those private sexual rituals. Dim the lights and let yourself go...

If you're looking for something with even more purity, then the latest Psychic TV release is the one for you. **KONDOLE** (Silent CD) consists of three twenty-three minute long tracks, inspired by whales and dolphins. The resulting music is truly beautiful, and marks another intriguing departure for Genesis P. Orridge, after his

experiments with rave culture. Each track on this album has soft, relaxing, repetitive pulses that move slowly across your mind, punctuated with dolphin and ocean sounds. Lie back and close your eyes, and this music will make you feel as though you are floating. It's the perfect chill out record.

Move over Ru Paul, here comes Candy J.J.! Actually, this raunchy transsexual has been around for a while, but it's only with her eleventh single, **SHOULDA KNOWN BETTER** (Vinyl Solution 12"), that she's come to the all important attention of DIVINITY. Here we have four mixes of this camped-up retro disco tune, the best being the *Sweet P. Dub*, which throbs with a heavy bass thud while Candy monologues the story of how she was a battered wife. Socially aware feminist disco nonsense? You bet! Other mixes strip the vocals for a purer dancefloor groove, crossing garage dance groove to sub-Madonna (circa **EROTICA**). This is lightweight, fluffy and disposable, but none the worse for that, and – much as you worship Al Jourgensen – after a few pints, you'll be shaking away on the dancefloor to stuff like this.



FETISH 69



Candy J

**N**ew Mind's album **FRACTURED** (Machinery CD) is a feast of electronic aggression. The industrial-techao beat here offers up an atmospheric collision of graceful etherea and hard electronic snarling, with a flurry of inspired samples. The thumping, rhythmic music here offers a dark vision for the future, a grim take on Nineties life. Check it out.

♦  
**T**he debut release on the Power Tool label is a split seven inch from Crabladder and Slowjam. The fact that there are two bands represented has no real impact, as the music is similar on both sides. Of the two, Crabladder's **POWDER TROUT** is the better – a loud and angry affair with grumbling guitars, alternating between fast and slow paced playing, and rather let down with a vocal performance that is sadly not up to the rigours of the track, and is often stretched way beyond breaking point. Still, a reasonable slice of uneasy listening. Slowjam take a similar tack on **E.G.P.F.**, but their stop/start approach and snarling, spitting, growling fury is a little to anonymous to really grab the listener. I heard a lot of this sort of thing back in the early Eighties, and it wasn't overly exciting then.

Power Tool can be contacted at P.O. Box 608, Cardiff, CF2 1UX.

**M**ark F's **THE RESULT OF MRANDOM CHANCE** (Zeitgeist LP) is a wonderful slice of industrial (in the original sense of the term) experimentation. Side one relies mainly on atmospheric; there is a great deal of silence, with deep, disturbing sounds permeating the stillness every so often. It's the minimalist soundtrack to a serial killer's nightmare, with a feeling of pain and anguish tapping away at the back of your mind as you listen. This later gives way to a series of hypnotic rhythms, with high frequency blips that disturbed my cat a lot.

Side two is more immediately chaotic, with frantic sample of laughter and percussion inter-cutting in an unsettling way, with more fast-sequencing blipping. After the haunting first side, this seems something of a let down, though remains fascinating all the same. In general, a recommended work.

Contact Zeitgeist at 38 Cavendish Road, Birmingham, B62 0DD.

♦  
**F**inally, something completely different, in the form of **A LOVE MADE IN HELL** (First Protocol cassette). This is the first in a projected series of True Crime Spoken Word tapes, and while this idea has been tried before in the "talking book" format, here we have actual

convicted killers talking! Or, in this case, one killer and one attempted killer: Kenneth Bianchi, convicted as the Hillside Strangler, and Veronica Compton, serving a life sentence for trying to murder a woman in a bizarre attempt to get Bianchi off the hook.

Side one is taken up with Bianchi's claims of innocence, and his detailing of errors in the investigation of his case. It's interesting stuff, as there have always been a number of doubts surrounding this case – Bianchi was originally hypnotised, and revealed to have multiple personalities; it was later claimed that he'd faked it. Here, he sounds sincere and honest – but he would, wouldn't he? Compton, who's narration takes up the second side, is far more assured, however, something explained by the fact that she is a trained actress reading from a script. But it's hard to believe her claims of innocence and her stories about how Bianchi mind-fucked her into giving him an alibi. She seems too cool, too calculating. It's interesting to read between the lines of what she says though, and she has a clear obsession with serial killers and murder. Bianchi *may* be telling the truth when he claims his innocence; Compton almost certainly isn't.

You can buy this directly from First Protocol, 27 Old Gloucester Street, London WC1N 3XX, for £8.00 plus £1.50 P&P.



even with 17mm of space to spare we're determined to get your work!!!

ON LINE PUBLISHING, P.O. BOX 134, WEST PDO, NOTTINGHAM, NG7 7BW

# psycho-optical CULTURE

everything you needed to know about modern life

## VIDEO

**I**t's been a good few months for classic movies appearing on video. Some of the great movies of the Sixties and Seventies have finally appeared on tape. Unless morons like David Alton have their bigoted way, 1994 might well be the best year for home viewing yet. On with the show...

**B**etter known as **BLOW OUT**, Marco Ferrari's **LA GRANDE BOUFFE** was originally banned in Britain, and only saw release through the Greater London Council, who awarded it a local "X" certificate, to the fury of Mary Whitehouse, who tried to have it prosecuted under the Vagrancy Act!

The film charts the last days of four rich, middle aged men (Marcello Mastroianni, Philippe Noiret, Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Piccoli, all using their own christian names for their characters) who have decided to end their boring lives in an orgy of excess. Gathered at a remote chateau, they literally stuff themselves with food and wine, joined by a like-minded female schoolteacher (Andrea Ferreol) and – briefly – a trio of prostitutes.

Ferrari's film is a witty, decadent and cynical look at the modern world, where nothing seems to be much fun anymore if you have enough money to enjoy yourself. Going out in an orgy of self-indulgence might seem a good idea, but turns out to be rather more difficult than anticipated. Eating yourself to death is not easy. Even in this last act of grandiose self-indulgence, the four men fight amongst themselves, have doubts, and finally come to realise that they are being fools – though by then, it's too late. Of course, the eating and drinking excesses in the film are the reason for its censorship problems. Back in the early



Seventies, the public still needed to be protected not only from sex and violence, but from any level of tastelessness. To see people stuffing themselves with food, vomiting and farting uncontrollably were just too much to handle, as I suspect was the exploding toilet – yet Ferrari handles the subject well, and avoids being *too* repulsive. Of course, you may not feel like eating while you watch the film...

It's good to see Ferrari's films emerging on video at last (**LA GRANDE BOUFFE** was previously available on the Intervention label, but has been out of circulation for over ten years), with **BYE BYE MONKEY** also appearing. Let's hope that more are to follow.

**C**zech films are not generally considered to be finest in the world, and yet the two best video releases of the year to date both hail from that nation. Alongside Redemption's delightful

**VALERIE AND HER WEEK OF WONDERS** (covered elsewhere this issue), Connoisseur Video have released Vera Chytilova's quite wonderful **DAISIES**. The paper-thin story on which this film is hung deals with a pair of Naughty Girls – two teenagers both called Marie – who are dedicated to spoiling themselves, having reached the sound conclusion that as the world is spoiled, so why shouldn't they be?

This begins with them gleefully exploiting middle-aged men, who treat them to expensive meals, only to be dumped on the train home. This progresses to the girls running riot in a plush restaurant, and ends with them destroying a huge banquet.

Around this already anarchic plot, Chytilova weaves a gleefully surreal series of images – some improvised happenings, some bizarre examples of camera-trickery. The resulting film is one of the most joyous you will ever see. The two girls, devoid of

## Divinity Seven

separate personalities yet irresistibly bubbly, carry the viewer on a wave of infectious craziness. The best word to describe this film would be "fun".

Not that everyone saw it that way, of course; the film was banned for a year in its native country, where such explosions of free expression were not taken lightly. But to give the film a political dimension would be to downgrade its relevance; this is, first and foremost, a happy, crazy, wild and irreverent film, which — like its two heroines — just loves to misbehave and stick two fingers up to the establishment.

If you liked Rivette's **CELINE AND JULIE GO BOATING** (which was obviously influenced by this film), then you'll adore **DAISIES**. Me, I'm wondering what other classics are lying in the Czech vaults, waiting to be unleashed.

**Y**ou either love or hate Jean-Luc Godard. Here at **DIVINITY**, there's a general admiration for the gallic genius, and so many cries of joy could be heard when Connoisseur Video announced that they were to release another two of his great works. Most interesting (if only because it's the more difficult to see of the two) is **MASCULIN FEMININ**, a lively study of 1965 French youth — described by Godard as "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola". Vividly capturing the beginnings of the politically inspired generation that would explode onto the streets in 1968, Godard tells the story of Paul, fresh out the army who has left-wing political aspirations and is in love with Madeline, a pop singer with no political ideas at all. Presented as "fifteen specific items", the film follows their relationship, as Paul attempts to get Madeline to commit herself to their relationship, while he himself has only a vague commitment to his political ideals (which are usually restricted to spray-painting anti-American and anti-Vietnam slogans on walls). Made just after Godard's relationship with Anna Karina had crumbled, the film can be read as misogynistic in its portrayal of women; the truth is, though, that the men in the film come across just as badly. Godard might show Madeline to be an empty-headed consumerist, but Paul seems equally vapid. And despite (or because of) their faults, the characters seem *real*, engaging and likeable.

**MASCULIN FEMININ** is often extremely funny, and always completely

engaging. Although not often quoted as one of Godard's most important works, I'd be willing to stretch my neck out and say that it is amongst his best — and that's no faint praise.

**I**F **MASCULIN FEMININ** is top-rate Godard, then **ALPHAVILLE** is probably the great man's most accessible piece, *almost* easy enough for mainstream audiences to cope with. His only science fiction movie, this tells the story of "the strange adventure of Lemmy Caution", who visits the city on a mission to find and possibly destroy professor Von Braun (aka Leonard Nofferatu), while at the same time

uncovering the fate of Harry Dickson, the agent who had earlier undertaken the same mission. **Alphaville** (accessible only via a trip through "intersidereal space") is a society controlled by Alpha 60, a giant computer that forbids emotion (seen as "illogical"). Those who cannot adapt to this society are either driven to suicide or else executed in bizarre public spectacles (we see one man killed for crying after his wife died).

In Godard's future world, all men seem to be security agents, all women "seductresses, third class", each stamped with a concentration camp-style identity number. The computer is a growling-voiced Big Brother, watching over the

**OUTRAGEOUS! OUTSPOKEN!! SENSUAL!!!**

HAVING PROBED  
"THE MARRIED WOMAN"  
**GODARD**  
NOW INVESTIGATES  
**'SEX AND THE TEENAGER'**

BRITISH PREMIERE  
KENNETH RIVE Presents  
**JEAN-LUC GODARD'S**

**MASCULIN FEMININ** Based on themes of Guy de Maupassant  
(A FRANCO SWEDISH PRODUCTION)  
A BALA RELEASE  
**NOW!**

ALSO "GIRL" PLUS "THE PRETTY THINGS"

**CAMEO-ROYAL** ALL THEATRES **CAMEO-VICTORIA** ALL THEATRES

citizens and preparing to wage war on the outside world. But **ALPHAVILLE** is not overly serious, despite this gloomy premise; rather, it takes an almost comic-strip style approach. This is helped by Paul Misraki's overly dramatic music and the B-movie stalwart Eddie Constantine as Caution, a caricature of hard boiled detectives who shoot first and ask questions later (if at all). Alongside this wonderful piece of casting are Jesus Franco regular Howard Vernon as Von Braun, and Godard's wife Anna Karina as the cool and beautiful Natasha, Von Braun's daughter to whom Caution teaches the meaning of love.

While certainly not Godard's greatest work, **ALPHAVILLE** is a masterpiece, and would make the ideal starting place for the Jean-Luc beginner.

When **ALPHAVILLE** was first released, it was paired with **LA JETEE**, and now you can relive those halcyon days in the safety of your living room. Connoisseur's new documentary off-shoot Academy have just released this twenty-nine minute movie as part of a trio of Chris Marker films, and only a fool would quibble about the fact that this isn't a documentary. In fact, this is Marker's only work of fiction, a remarkable science fiction story that is told (almost) entirely in still pictures, with narration. Set in Paris after the Bomb has dropped, it tells of how one man – a prisoner from the losing side – is used in an experiment to send someone back in time, in order to find the materials needed to avoid extinction. He has been

chosen because of his over-riding memory of a scene from his past – a woman's face glimpsed when he was a child. Around this almost traditional sci-fi premise, Marker crafts a beautiful and tragic love story – an affair that is doomed from the start. Using the technique of the photo-story, Marker is able to focus attention on the story, and construct a careful, affecting visual tale that no moving pictures could convey. It's a truly wonderful film, and the idea of this and **ALPHAVILLE** playing together in cinemas is enough to make you weep with frustration at what we've lost.

Peter Greenaway's latest movie, **THE BABY OF MACON**, is a fine return to form after the rather disappointing **PROSPERO'S BOOKS**.

Told in the form of a play, the film opens with the miraculous birth of a beautiful infant to an ugly woman who is well beyond child-bearing age. The child is quickly "adopted" by a young woman who then uses it to gain power, offering "miracles" via the child's blessing in exchange for money and privilege. Eventually, the Church can take no more, and sentence her to death, while taking the child to use for themselves.

Using the play-within-a-play format, **THE BABY OF MACON** poses several difficult and unsettling questions about where fantasy ends and reality begins, the abuse of children (not in a sexual sense, but by adults who use them as power bases, bargaining tools etc) and the corruption of absolute power, both in individuals and the Church. The film is, as one might expect from Greenaway, extraordinarily lush and colourful, and is presented on video in its full cinemascope format. It is truly beautiful to look at. Also typical of Greenaway is the extensive nudity, graphic blood-letting and sexual violence (Julia Ormond being gang-raped to death at the conclusion), all of which he can get away with because it is presented in a highly theatrical, stylised manner. But while this is a typically savage film from the director – perhaps his most savage in many ways – it is also one of his most commercial. As with **THE COOK, THE THIEF, HIS WIFE AND HER LOVER**, this film suggests that Greenaway may be moving slowly away from the limited arthouse market and into the mainstream, but dragging his obsessions with him. Much as the British film establishment might cringe

at the idea, Peter Greenaway may yet develop into the UK's own David Cronenberg.

Peter Weir might specialise in tedious crap these days, but back in the Seventies, he was at the forefront of the Australian New Wave, directing a handful of unique and eccentric films, the best of which – **PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK** – has just been released on tape. **PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK** is best known as being a film where Nothing Happens. While this reputation is somewhat exaggerated, it is true that the film has a leisurely pace that can prove to be too much for some viewers. But for those who can stick with it, the film is a fascinating experience. Loosely based on real events, the film is about the disappearance of four young women during a Finishing school outing to Hanging Rock. And that's it, at least on a surface level. The girls vanish, and are never found. The film offers no explanation for their disappearance; instead, it builds up to the event during its first half, Weir creating a suspenseful atmosphere, where you know that *something* will happen. The latter part of the film is less effective, focussing on the effect the disappearance has on the school. Here, the attention of the viewer is not held so tightly, and begins to wander.

Still, as a study in repressed sexuality (the girls, dressed in virginal white and shot with David Hamilton style soft focus, seem too pure, and their vanishing act has an inexplicably erotic air to it, as if they have escaped their tight moral world), the film is unnervingly good. Weir has yet to better it, and I wouldn't hold your breath waiting for him to do so.

I'm sure that most of you are familiar with **HENRY – PORTRAIT OF A SERIAL KILLER**, which has just been released on sell-thru. This documentary style look into the mind of Henry Lee Lucas was one of the most acclaimed and contentious films to emerge in the last few years, and had to undergo much censor mauling before being allowed into theatres, and even more emasculation for the video release. This extensive cutting (almost two minutes of footage – often the most powerful moments in the film – has been removed) has led to the general dismissal of the film by UK collectors. The problem



THE BABY OF MACON



is, of course, that most of the people condemning this cut version haven't seen it. And in fact, although undeniably damaged, the film retains most of its power and horror in this certified print. Most of the unsettling material is non-violent anyway – it's Henry's whole life that is so disturbing, and his reckless disregard for anyone or anything. The film's ending remains devastating, and Michael Rooker's performance in the title role is truly chilling. He conjures up an image of pure, unfeeling evil – a man without conscience for whom killing is a way of life. As for the cuts – yes, they're regrettable. It was inevitable that the scene where Henry and kill-buddy Otis video-tape their assault on a family would cause problems, given the BBFC's attitude to the possible misuse of video – when Otis rewinds and watches again in slow motion, it must have seemed like their worst nightmare come true (even though it could be interpreted as simply showing such fears to be valid). What's left in the film remains more shocking than anything else you'll see on tape this year (unless, of course, Abel Ferrara's **BAD LIEUTENANT** manages to get a release – don't hold your breath). Powerful and highly unsettling, **HENRY** is a masterpiece of alienation – a war's 'n' all look at the human condition.

◆  
Seeming rather like the flip-side of **SCHINDLER'S LIST**, **DR PETIOT** is also described by some people as a "serial killer" movie, but it isn't. Marcel Petiot was France's most notorious murderer, a greedy parasite who offered safe passage to Jews and other persecuted people from Nazi-occupied Paris during the war. Instead, he killed them with a lethal injection (passed off as a vaccination) and pocketed their valuables, putting the rest of their belongings in storage. His crimes finally came to light through a smoke-belching chimney – investigators found that his furnace had become blocked with body parts (a cruelly ironic end for his victims, who had been fleeing the threat of nazi death camps). Petiot fled in disguise, but was eventually apprehended after the war, and was executed in 1946.

Christian Chalonge's film of the story takes this premise, and turns it into an evocative pastiche of expressionist horror, with stylised sets and camera work. In fact, we first see Petiot in a pre-credits sequence watching a **NOSFERATU**-esque horror



DR PETIOT, looking pensive

movie, and then entering the screen. And Petiot in the film is a vampiric figure, with wild hair, cadaver eyes, a love of the dark and a cape that unfurls like bat wings as he cycles through the deserted streets. Petiot is seen rushing everywhere, his almost comical hyper-activity making a chilling contrast to his dark deeds.

It shouldn't be assumed that this highly individual approach to the story makes the horror any less significant. Unlike a born loser like Henry Lee Lucas, Petiot is a cold, calculating killer who exploits desperate people for his own financial gain, and this fact is never glossed over. The final scene in the film, with the relatives of Petiot's victims searching through piles of clothes, jewellery and keep-sakes for some identification (most not knowing if their loved ones had actually escaped France or fallen victim to the Vampire) is remarkably touching. And it's this ability to amaze, haunt and disturb that makes **DR PETIOT** a truly remarkable work.

◆  
On the back of the huge success of **THE PIANO**, Electric Pictures have re-issued Jane Campion's debut feature **SWEETIE**. Quite what the crowds who have been flocking to her latest opus will make of it, however, is open to question. **SWEETIE** is a quirky, touching, and fairly unsettling comedy about two sisters. Kay is a highly superstitious and paranoid young woman who will uproot a sapling and hide it in the wardrobe because she

thinks it will die, and that its death will be a bad omen. Her sister Sweetie is a crazed, mentally unbalanced former child-star who turns up midway through the film, complete with her drug casualty "manager", to bring chaos to Kay's life. On this slight premise, Campion builds a story of family ties coming undone. While Sweetie may well be the Sister From Hell, Kay is not entirely together either. Their father also arrives on the scene after his wife leaves him, and the three of them together with Kay's boyfriend Louis – live in a world of tension and imminent craziness. This provides a lot of off balance humour, but tragedy is always lurking around the corner. With an unusual music score, oddball characters, highly stylised direction and a bizarre plot, **SWEETIE** sometimes appears to be trying too hard for Cult Movie status – but then, perhaps it is no longer possible for anyone to create a genuinely unintentional cult hit anymore. And this is a far more honest, worthwhile and rewarding film than most that aim for that sort of success. An assured debut from a top-class director, **SWEETIE** is one to watch.

◆  
Finally, **THE GUN IS LOADED** slipped quietly out in the UK at the end of last year. This is a video presentation of Lydia Lunch's spoken word performances, not filmed on stage but instead in a variety of studio and outside locations around 1989. Backed by a brooding J. G. Thirwell



SWEETIE

score, Lydia waxes lyrical about her favourite obsessions. Some of it is familiar from the records, some not, but all retains a power and emotive kick that sends you reeling for cover.

Admittedly, there is very little point to this actually existing on video. The Spoken Word format tends to work most effectively *without* images to distract from the words, and the least satisfactory parts of this film are those where some vague sort of "concept" has been introduced – Lydia holding a conversation with patrons in a diner, for example. These moments come unpleasantly close to amateur hour self-indulgence. Thankfully, most of the film simply has Lydia static in a room, or walking the streets.

Lunch-completists will of course have to check this out. The more curious might also find it interesting, though they would be better advised to invest in the *CRIMES AGAINST NATURE CD*. Still, it's good to see this released after all this time. Let's hope that Visionary – or some other inspired distributor – tracks down more rare Lunch-meat such as *SOUTH OF MY BORDER*.

## TV

**T**here's nothing quite like a checkout girl in a ripped up, water-drenched shirt shaking it in front of a howling crowd of drunks. Yes, the Adult Channel have been showing the *NATIONAL MISS*

**WET T-SHIRT CONTEST** again! We intend to investigate this bizarre social phenomenon in detail next issue, but while we track down those elusive contestants, let's set the scene. It's a hideous nightclub in a dismal town – much like we used to see on *THE HITMAN AND HER*. But instead of Fat Git Pete Waterman, we have a jovial northern comic holding the fort admirably as the lager-loaded hord strain at the leash. Centre stage is a shower booth, and into that will go – one by one – a bunch of scantily clad young girls, eager to shake their stuff and grab that fleeting glimpse of

fame. The girls tend to be either hot, sharp and sexy, or else dumb and boring. Thankfully, by semi-final stages (which is when the armchair viewer joined the fun), the latter have generally been weeded out. They step into the shower, and *perform*. Some tease, some stand around looking confused. There are those who keep their clothes on – they won't win: hasn't anybody explained? The term "wet T-shirt" isn't to be taken literally, and the more sussed out girls know that what the boys want are naked tits.

Why these events are so compulsive is hard to say. Perhaps it's the voyeuristic aspect of it all – the idea that these really are "ordinary girls", the sort you might conceivably meet in the pub on a Friday night. Perhaps the appeal is the same appeal as the Reader's Wives. Who knows? But we need to find out, and *DIVINITY* will leave no stone unturned to uncover the squalid truth...

## NIGHTLIFE

**T**he second Marquis' Masquerade took place in Nottingham on November 11th. After the difficulties encountered with the twitchy venue last time, the event had moved to Gold, a rather-too-glitzy nightclub with an overly excessive amount of neon lighting and wall mirrors for comfort. This niggle aside, the event was thoroughly entertaining.

As with the previous event, there was something to please everyone. A musical



Two unsavoury characters from the Marquis' Masquerade...



selection that took in everything from Capella to The Cramps, stalls from Hidebound and Tentacle, and a rerun of the floorshow by Slippery When Wet that had been so rudely interrupted by management during the last event. Unfettered by censorship, the girls could this time let rip with a fulsome display of dildo-creaming excess – a joy to behold!

Once again, the event pulled in a respectably large crowd, though for some reason, there seemed to be less extravagance in the costume department this time around. There was also little evidence of anybody getting up to mischief – perhaps they were saving it for when they went home! That said, it was good to note that the friendly, relaxed atmosphere of the first Masquerade was still in evidence – it was good to see so many familiar faces from last time, and satisfying to avoid the cliquiness and elitism that sometimes spoils London fetish clubs.

In general, there are no complaints to report about the event. All went well, and the punters left happy. The next event will have been and gone by the time you read this, taking place February 14th, but for the record, the organisers promise a playground and erotic furniture from Euroteak to lounge around on. Marquis' Masquerade are also collaborating with DIVINITY on the "Fetish Dilemma" (not our choice of name, I'd like to point out!) that will kick off Manchester's Fetish Weekend a week later. If you were there, hello again. If not, expect a full, uncensored account of the gory details next issue.

## EVENTS

Britain's second SM Pride Weekend took place at the end of October, and – if you added SKIN TWO's Rubber Ball to the fun – provided a full weekend of fetish frolics. After the protest march against the notorious Spanner convictions, assorted minions gathered at the University of London for the Perve Market, where various smut peddlers – Divine Press included – offered their murky wares. Those who'd shopped till they dropped could check out various workshops, offering basic How-To-Do-It courses on Fisting and the like. After a few hours R&R, the Saturday night party kicked into gear. This was a fairly quiet affair, not helped by the rather too bright lighting in the main bar. For the naughty schoolboys and girls, there were a number of classrooms set up,

with middle-aged pupils being hauled to the front of the class by "teacher" for a spanking. This was pretty amusing to watch for about two minutes at a time. More eye-popping was the school sports events; watching a bunch of overgrown kids running up and down on the dancefloor in full uniform was a sight which defies coherent description! And thankfully, by this time the disco room was both full enough and dark enough for patrons to indulge in fulsome groping and snogging without feeling too exposed.

With SKIN TWO's Rubber Ball a couple of days later, this was a fairly frantic and throbbing weekend to remember! Meanwhile, the Spanner Campaign goes on. For information, contact: Countdown On Spanner, c/o Central Station, 37 Wharfedale Road, London N1 9SE.

THE PLANET SEX BALL, formerly THE SEX MANIACS BALL, returns with a bang on March 19th! Those of you who read the review of the last event in an earlier DIVINITY will need no further encouragement to check out this annual spectacular, organised as usual by Tuppy Owens. This year's event offers the Terminatrix Experience from <<O>> Magazine, the International SM Olympics,

and the Erotic Oscars, alongside the customary attractions such as the grope box, cage, peep show and lavish buffet. As an added bonus, there will be associated activities taking place throughout the weekend of the Ball, including an exhibition of banned books, SM workshops, Erotic Film Nights and more. Tickets are £50, with discounts for block bookings, plus £5 membership of the Planet Sex Club (a legal formality, this gives you discounts to various clubs and shops). All tickets must be bought at least 48 hours before the event, so contact The Leydig Trust, P.O. Box 42B, London W1A 4ZB (tel: 071 739 0388 between noon and 6.30) immediately!

## HYSTERIA

We seem to be caught in a never-ending cycle of hysterical finger-pointing and subsequent suppression of freedom in Britain. It works like this: some atrocity is committed, and the nation asks itself how. Faced with the possibility of looking at the decline of society, the natural effects of a Thatcher-inspired "Me" generation, the despair of inner-city degradation and the simple fact that many families in Britain are scum, pure and simple, the finger of blame instead points



Chucky girls to girls with another under 18 in CHILD'S PLAY

at the easy target of the video cassette. So it was when a moronic and senile judge discounted all other evidence of social deprivation, and pulled from his tightly puckered anus the statement that, yes, it was **CHILD'S PLAY 3** that really caused the murder of two year old Jamie Bulger. Inevitably, the tabloid scum jumped on this morsel of bigotry and ignorance with joy: "BURN YOUR VIDEO NASTIES!" screamed the front page of **THE SUN**, and cynical hack after cynical hack went through random listings of "sickening" videos available to kiddies as easily as sweets. Things went from bad to awful a couple of days later, when the yobbish retards who killed Suzanne Capper were revealed to have tortured her with dialogue from **CHILD'S PLAY** (what sin had the producers of this series committed to deserve all this, I wonder?). In fact, the dialogue was featured as a sample on a rave tune, but this distinction didn't stop the hacks from wailing about these

"nauseating" films (which a few weeks before were considered harmlessly bland horror flicks - **CHILD'S PLAY**, in fact, only has a "15" rating, and played on the BBC without complaint a couple of years ago). Nor did it stop the ghastly David Alton MP from appearing on TV frequently to demand that a new certificate - "not for home viewing" - be introduced.

This is were things get scary. Obviously, Mr Alton (who's attitudes towards freedom of choice are best summed up by his attempts to outlaw abortion) knows nothing about the Video Recordings Act, which demands stricter censorship for home viewing, and allows the BBFC to refuse video release to films already shown in the cinema. This is why Britons cannot buy **THE EXORCIST**, **DEATH WISH**, **CLASS OF 1984** and **RESERVOIR DOGS** from their local retailer. So what does Alton want? It seems that he wants all "18" rated films banned from video. Think about that. It won't just be low budget

horror movies vanishing. If Alton and his supporters have their way, you can kiss goodbye to **TAXI DRIVER**, **BETTY BLUE**, **ALIEN**, **ERASERHEAD**, **THE DOORS**, **1900** and **APOCALYPSE NOW**. We'll be banning films by Bunuel, Godard, Bergman and Greenaway. TV series like **CRACKER** won't be allowed on video. And there will, of course, be no adult movies at all. Ironically, **CHILD'S PLAY** will remain legal though... This may sound like paranoia, and perhaps it is. There are hopefully enough MPs with a scrap of sense to squash such efforts early on. But let's not be complacent. Complacency and silence has allowed too much censorship to strangle artistic freedom in this country already. Lobby your MPs. Point out the facts. Demand they oppose such outrageous moves, and show them that we won't sit back and be trampled on any more. Because if we don't, we might end up living in Disneyland.

ADVERTISEMENTS

## VERONICA CARLSON AN ILLUSTRATED MEMENTO

She was the object of Count Dracula's dark desires. She fought venomous vampires and gruesome ghouls. And she became entangled in the diabolical schemes of Baron Frankenstein... twice! Some twenty years on, Veronica Carlson remains among the most fondly remembered in the impressive and extensive gallery of talented actresses to work under the Hammer banner.

This new 52-page glossy booklet from 1-Shot not only includes an exclusive interview with the lady herself, but is also packed solid with photos from her modelling years, her movies (including World exclusive first shots from her new genre film "Freakshow"), and proudly presents for the first time in print some of her personal drawings.



PLEASE NOTE:  
ALL PREVIOUS TITLES ARE NOW SOLD OUT  
Coming Soon: A tribute to Linda Hayden



Available late  
January, 1994 for  
£2.50/\$7 post  
inclusive (Payable  
to: T. Greaves)

from:  
Tim Greaves,  
Palmyra,  
118 High Street,  
Eastleigh,  
Hampshire  
SO5 3LR,  
England

Outside the U.K.,  
payment in cash or  
International Money  
Order only please.

## the seduction of the gullible

The Curious History of the British "Video Nasty" Phenomenon

By John Martin

"VIDEO NASTY"... the term has been so bandied about, misused and abused as to be virtually meaningless. Yet still it arouses anxiety... after all, SNUFF was a bone-fide "snuff movie", wasn't it? And people were really eaten in cannibal films... right? As it happens, the answer to both these questions, and a thousand similar ones, is a resounding NO, though that didn't stop angry questions in Parliament, a thousand anguished tabloid headlines, earnest liberal tut-tutting about the so-called nasties' allegedly sexist and racist content, and ultimately 1984's Video Recordings Act, which took Britain's censorship - already regarded as the most stringent of any western democracy - into something approximating Iron Curtain dimensions.

Which films would survive... and what would be left of them?

In his book, **SEDUCTION OF THE GULLIBLE**, John Martin - the most incisive critic of his generation - definitively dissects the "nasty" phenomenon, surveying the films themselves, giving a comprehensive run-down of the media manipulation that created a moral panic, and interviewing a prominent member of the BBFC, en route to some startling conclusions about the "nasties" campaign.

LIMITED NUMBERED 1,000 COPY FIRST RUN, 268 PAGES, AVAILABLE NOW. TO ORDER YOUR COPY SEND £11.99 (POST PAID) (EUROPE ADD £3.00, ELSEWHERE ADD £3.00 - UK STERLING OR US\$ ONLY!) TO: ON LINE PUBLISHING, P.O. BOX 134, WEST POO, NOTTINGHAM, NG7 7BW. (Cheques to: "On Line Publishing")

# Under the Bedclothes

Paul Buck's continuing guide to classic erotica

**A**lina Reyes' short novel **THE BUTCHER** was originally published in Paris by Editions du Seuil in 1988, in the prestigious series *Fiction et Cie*, edited by Denis Roche, the "avant-garde" poet and novelist who had become famous himself as a member of the Tel Quel group of intellectuals. Earlier, the *recit*, as the French tend to call such works, had won the Prix Pierre Louys, one of the numerous French literary prizes – though we should never put too great a store on their abundance of prizes except perhaps three or four which do mean something in terms of added sales and upward mobility in the career of the writer. It is a very slim work, printed in big type to make the book look more substantial. It is probably about twelve, five hundred words long in English, little more than a short story in that respect. Shorter than **THE IMAGE** by Jean de Berg, but destined in its way to become a similarly famed erotic classic.

**THE BUTCHER** has become an international best-seller, and many wonder why, suggesting it is too close to comfort to Georges Bataille's writings. Part of the answer probably lies in the fact that it was given a first-rate credential by being published not by a porn, erotic or disreputable publisher, but by bearing the imprint of an intellectual publisher and series (**THE IMAGE** likewise stemmed from Editions de Minuit, another impeccably-noted intellectual publisher). Also, **THE BUTCHER** was written by a woman, and there are few erotic works written by women – **THE STORY OF O** being the most renowned.

And yet that still does not answer the question, for other women have tried to establish themselves with erotic works. Why is this one different? I think there are two answers: the attitude of the author and the essence of the book, a focus on flesh.

Alina Reyes is the pseudonym of a young journalist (who was thirty-two when the book was first published) called Aline Philippon. The pseudonym was not used to hide her identity, as is often the case with erotic writings for whatever reasons, but to

separate her journalism from this other field she suddenly started to explore – fiction. Alina Reyes is in fact the character in a story by Julio Cortázar, one of Philippon's favourite writers. Thus it is a tribute to him and to "fantastic" literature, the area of writing that interests her most. In interviews she cites Kafka, Poe and Nerval as other examples.

Alina Reyes, the author, wrote **THE BUTCHER** over an eight day period, when she found herself with free time from her job, and with her children away from home. She states she wrote it in bed as it was the most comfortable place to work. "I only got up to drink coffee. I was completely euphoric." Though she admits she had read some Sade and Bataille, as indeed many intelligent French people have, as she notes, her intention was not to write an erotic book as such. She was not aiming to add to that genre, or to create a best-seller. She had a subject that she wanted to explore and she set about it. Though at fourteen she had worked in her vacations in a butchers, she insists that the story of the sexual relationship between the butcher and the young girl owes nothing to her own circumstances. What lingered for her was the look and smell of the flesh handled, cut and sold by the butcher, and the relationship between that dead meat and the living meat of his body and the young girl's. "Perhaps it was at that moment that I understood the relationship existing between meat, the treatment the butcher inflicted on it, sexuality and eroticism." In other words it was a story spun from a meditation on the nature of flesh itself. "Our society admires the body, glorifies it in aerobics, jogging, pursues it with youth, but never speaks of the flesh, of true eroticism. They want to make us believe that we are glorious beings, who venture now and again into some small deviations."

Whilst the image of the butcher is an image that appears in Bataille and others, particularly in France where the butchers is a key shop even in a small village, it is the focus on flesh that is at the centre of this novel. All erotic works that have become

seminal have done so because they are distinct in essence from others. Bataille's **STORY OF THE EYE**, MADAME EDWARDS, and MY MOTHER, Aragon's **IRENE**, Reage's **STORY OF O**, de Berg's **THE IMAGE** and others one can list, are all original in their essence. I would suggest that it is as a result of this meditation on flesh, and the fact that the author did not set out to write a sexual work or a best-seller, that it has attained its celebrity status. The author herself is surprised by the attention and by the idea that it could be called pornography. "Pornography is the degeneration of sexuality, the absence of phantasms, which express themselves most often through an inflated style, abusive use of superlatives, and imperfect subjunctives. All that I have tried to avoid."

♦

The other day I came across **THE GOBBLE POEM** in the first issue of **SUCK**, "that first European sexpaper", that was published in Amsterdam at the end of the Sixties. The poem, written by W.H. Auden, one of the best known English-language poets of this century, though I suspect not acknowledged officially as his or contained in his **COLLECTED POEMS**, has surfaced a number of times over the years in various underground publications and limited editions. As the title suggests, it describes over thirty-four stanzas, in detail, the pick-up by the poet of a young mechanic whom he takes back to his room, kisses, undresses, caresses, rims and finally sucks off... "his hot spunk spouted in gouts, spurted in jet after jet."

♦

If you have difficulty in finding the works mentioned in this column over the successive issues, you might try contacting Delectus Books at 27 Old Gloucester Street, London WC1N 3XX. Enclose £2.00 for a catalogue.

# DIVINE PRESS MAIL ORDER

## **BACK ISSUES:** **THEY'RE GOING FAST - DON'T BE THE ONLY ONE TO MISS OUT.**

**DP1:** DIVINITY - SOLD OUT

**DP2:** DIVINITY 2 - SOLD OUT

**DP4:** DIVINITY 3 - Interviews with Rocking Pin-Up 'Cat' and torch singer Melinda Miel... Joel-Peter Witkin's death-shock art... Foot worship... Performance Artist Ian Kerkhof... 8mm porno holocaust... Taboos to view... Visions of ecstasy... and more innocence corrupting insanity.

**DP5:** DIVINITY 4 - Interviews with Boyd Rice, Paul Mayersberg and Richard Davenport-Hines... Madonna probed... Sex Maniacs Balling... Oriental sex madness... New Gay cinema... Sado-erotic celluloid mysteries of the hymen... Sub-cultural mayhem... Sex, punishment and death... and more delirious psychosis.

**DP6:** DIVINITY VOL 2 #1 - Interviews with Jack Stevenson, Zoe Lund, Adam Parfrey... Dirty Dancing in America... Soviet Porn... the Nunbelievable World of Jacques Rivette... Braindead College Jocks... Throbbing Gristle... Fetish Performance... low-budget film-making... Bondage Furniture... Horny Home Movies... Drag Queen Exploitation... and more bare bottoms and dangly bits!

**DP10:** DIVINITY VOL 2 #2 - Lydia Lunch lets rip... Revolting Cocks... Adam Parfrey vs Andrea Dworkin... Quentin Tarantino interviewed... Erotic photography by Housk Randall and Doris Kloster... and much much more! 80 solid pages of subcultural excess!!!



Issues 3, 4 and Vol 2 #1 are available for just £3.00 each (£3.50 Europe, £4.50 elsewhere) Volume 2 #2 available for £4.50 (£5.00 Europe, £6.00 elsewhere)

Take a look at these pages, then go back and study the mail order pages of previous issues. Notice anything? Yep, that's right, a lot of that wildly exciting product previously advertised is no longer here. Annoying, huh? Dontcha just wish you'd bought it when you had the chance? Don't make the same mistake again...

## SUBSCRIPTIONS:

You can order the next four issues for £18.00 postage included and the more poverty-stricken amongst you can reserve the next issue for £4.50. For Europe add £2.00 per sub, elsewhere add £6.00.

**DP7: HALF DRESSED, SHE OBEYED** – The first work of fiction from Divine Press is a classic collection of powerful SM writing by Deborah Ryder. The book contains eight stories, each illustrated by Trevor Brown (whose work has graced the covers of albums by Coil and Whitehouse, amongst others) and introduced by SEX MANIACS DIARY editor Tuppy Owens. This year's essential literary purchase! Available for just £9.99 post free in the UK (Europe add £1.00, elsewhere add £1.50).

## SHEER FILTH:

Sordid blasts from the past! Only two issues remain available, so don't delay...£1.00 each (£1.50 outside Europe).

**SF8** – David F. Friedman & H.G. Lewis interviews, Ciccilina, BIGTOP PEE WEE, Coil, THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES, etc.

**SF9** – Ari Rousimoff interview, UROTSUKIDOJI, Ed Wood festival, Archaos Circus, LA RELIGIEUSE, etc

## T-SHIRTS:

Summer's only 4 months away so now's the chance to look like a far-out trend setter with a limited edition DIVINITY T-shirt. The original design is no longer available, so try our new range instead!

**DP3 THE DIVINE DEMON** – SOLD OUT

**DP8: UMBILICAL** – the classic cover to DIVINITY Issue two, in lurid orange print, with masthead as seen on the front cover.

**DP9: DIVINE PRESS** – the new DP logo (as seen on the back cover) with the slogan RESISTANCE IS USELESS printed on the back.

Both T-shirts are available in limited quantities. All shirts are grey and XL size only, priced £10.00 inc P&P (overseas add £2.50 per shirt for postage).

Make all cheques, postal orders etc payable to DIVINE PRESS. No foreign cheques will be accepted – pay by Eurocheque, I.M.O., UK sterling cash or US dollars cash. Always send cash by registered post and take care to secure and hide any coins. We will fulfil orders as quickly as possible, but are sometimes delayed by stock selling out and other assorted pressures. Please allow 28 days before complaining vigorously. The DIVINE PRESS range of products are unsuitable for minors, and an age statement is required with ALL orders.

Send SAE/IRC to be kept in touch with future Divine Press activities.



*Divine Press*

# **INSIDE:**

**MELINDA MIEL**

**RICHARD KERN**

**BRIAN YUZNA**

**SEXY GIRLS 'N' SEXY GUNS**

**FETISH FRENZY**

